Guests of the Heart

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PR1191 Copyright No.

Shelf .C7

1880

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

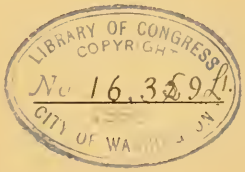

GUESTS
OF THE
HEART

GUESTS OF THE HEART.

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

COMPILED BY A. CRAIG.



CHICAGO:
WM. C. HOLMES, 77 MADISON STREEE.

1880.

COPYRIGHT, 1880.

A. CRAIG.

R. GRANGER & CO.,
PRINTERS,
CHICAGO.

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,
BOOKBINDERS,
CHICAGO.

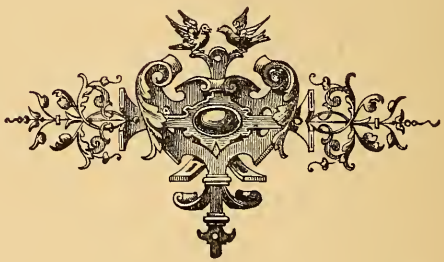
BLOMGREN BROS. & CO.,
ELECTROTYPERS,
CHICAGO.

MANY of the Poems in this volume have been selected from the religious newspapers, and seem deserving of publication in book form. Others are by well known and popular writers. In every case where the authorship of the selections could be ascertained credit has been given.

That this little work may be a welcome guest to the hearts of young and old, is the desire of

THE COMPILER.

CHICAGO, NOV., 1880.





Contents.

		PAGE.
Guests of the Heart,		13
Memories,		16
Bread upon the Waters,		19
Bridges,		21
A Thanksgiving,	LUCY LARCOM,	25
The Atheist,	WM. KNOX,	28
"The Master is Come and Calleth for Thee,"	SUSAN COOLIDGE,	30
The Crocus Cross,		32
"He Shall Drink of the Brook by the Way,"	SUSAN COOLIDGE,	35
Self-Love,	F. W. FABER,	37
Jesus Only,	L. T.,	39
Lines Written in a Churchyard,	HERBERT KNOWLES,	40
Yearning,		43
Satisfied,		44
There is no Death,	LORD LYTTON,	46
Charity,	THOMAS N. TALFOURD,	49

		PAGE.
The Chamber of Peace,		50
After the Burial,	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,	55
Living Waters,		59
The Pilgrim,		61
Our Ships at Sea,	FLORENCE GROVER,	64
Heaven by Littles,		67
Coming,	MRS. B. MACANDREW,	68
Under the Shadow of the Almighty,	MILLIE COLCORD,	75
Time,	HENRY KIRKE WHITE,	77
He is Risen,	HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.,	81
Even-Song,	MARGARET E. SANGSTER,	83
A Little Longer,	MARY B. DODGE,	86
Evening,	REV. I. N. TARBOX, D. D.,	88
Trust,	JOHN G. WHITTIER,	92
Christian's Clock,		94
The Rose-Bud,	KEBLE,	97
Waiting,	REBECCA RUTER SPRINGER,	102
Lessons Sweet,	KEBLE,	105
The Hour of Death,	MRS. HEMANS,	110
Softly,	E. A. BARNES,	113
The Father's Care for His Children,	KEBLE,	114
The Covered Bridge,		118
The Lily of the Valley,	BISHOP MANT,	120
Casting Anchors,		124
Nobody Knows but Jesus,	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,	126
"Cover Them Over,"	WILL CARLETON,	129
The Secret of a Happy Day,	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,	131

PAGE.

A Midnight Hymn, - - - - - - 135
Joy Cometh, - - - - - - - 137
Suffering and Joy, - - - - - - 139
Sometimes, - - - - - - - - 140
Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds, - - CHARLES MACKAY, 143
The Two Sunsets, - - - JOHN G. WHITTIER, 145
Unspoken Prayer, - - MARGARET J. PRESTON, 149
I Would Have Gone, - - - - - - 151
Grandfather's Pet, - - - - - - 152
If and If, - - - MARY AINGE DE VERE, 155
The Dying Girl and Flowers, - - - - - 156
My Prayer, - - - - - - - - 159
The Buried Flower, - - - WM. E. AYTOUNE, 161
Prayer, - - - - CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 165
"Babes Always," - - - - - - 166
Be Kind and Forgiving, - - - - - - 171
The Glorified, - - - RAY PALMER, D. D., 172
Only, - - - FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 175
Out of the Deeps, - - - LULU M. W., 183
Lead, Kindly Light, - - - - NEWMAN, 185
At Dawn, - - - - JOHN MORGAN, 186
In the Fourth Watch of the Night, - - - 188
The Sunlight, - - - - - - - 191
The Death of the Righteous, - - PEABODY, 193
Rest, - - - - - - - - 195
Passing. - - ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON, 196
New Year's Wishes, - FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 199

		PAGE.
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep,		201
I go to Life,	HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.,	204
Old Age,		206
The Guardian Angel,		209
For Good or Ill?		212
Thy Will,	E. NORMAN GUNNISON,	214
Good-Night Wishes,	THOMAS MACKELLAR,	216
Beyond,		218
The Time for Prayer,		220
Rock of Ages,		222
To the Comforter,	HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.,	225
The E'en Brings a' Hame,		227
The Bird Let Loose,	MOORE,	229
Heaven at Last,	HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.,	230
Jesu, Still the Storm,	HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.,	233
The Grave,	JAMES MONTGOMERY,	235
The Tide,	MARY W. McLAIN,	238
Trust in the Lord,	MRS. M. M. LYLE,	242
Death Anticipated,		244
To-Morrow,	WM. KNOX,	246
Time is Short,	HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH,	248
Homeward,	H. M.,	252



Full-Page Illustrations.

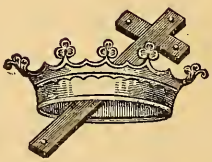
	FACES PAGE
LINGERING ON THE PATHWAY	17
LANDSCAPE	25
A COMFORTER IN SICKNESS	49
"HE IS RISEN!"	81
FLOWERS AND FRUIT	97
"COVER THEM OVER!"	129
LANDSCAPE	145
"O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS!"	161
AWAKE	168
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD	177
DEATH	193
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL	209
THE TRUE COMFORTER	225
"PEACE! BE STILL	233



GUESTS OF THE HEART,

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.



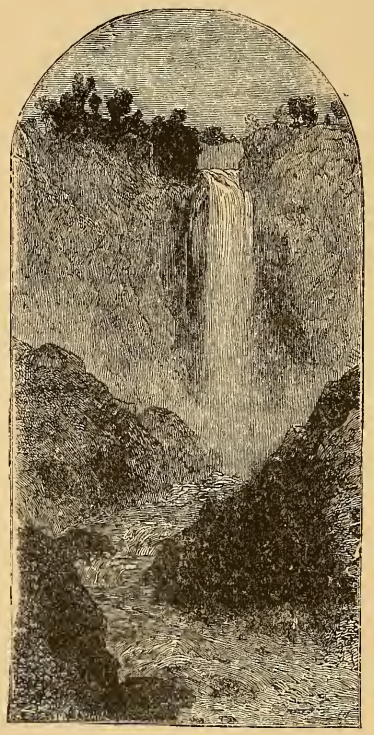


Guests of the Heart.

SOFT falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells,
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other,
They answer and mingle again,
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain,
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth."
—Psa. xcviii, 4.



The shadows, the firelight of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
To take all its wanderers home;
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,

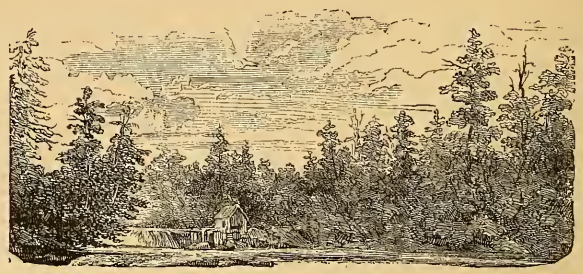
"Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together."
—Psa. xcviii, 8.

I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart,
Deserted, I should not be lonely,
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of Autum
Your rain and your shadows may fall
My loved and my lost ones you bring me-
My heart holds a feast with them all.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."
—Prov. xviii, 24.



Memories.

WHEN fall the evening shadows, long and deep, across the hill;
When all the air is fragrance, and all the breezes still;

When the summer sun seems pausing above the mountain's brow,
As if he left reluctantly a scene so lovely now;

Then I linger on the pathway, and I fondly gaze, and long,
As if reading some old story those deep purple clouds among;

Then Memory approaches, holding up her magic glass,
Pointing to familiar figures, which across the surface pass.

"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee."—Prov. iv, 25.



And often do I question, as I view that phantom train,
Whether most with joy or sadness I behold them thus again.

They are there, those scenes of beauty, where life's brightest hours
have fled,
And I haste, with dear companions, the old paths again to tread ;

But, suddenly dissolving, all the loveliness is flown,
And I find a thorny wilderness, where I must walk alone.

Thou art there, so loved and honored, as in each former hour,
When we read thine eyes deep meaning, when we heard thy words
of power ;

When our souls, as willing captives, have sought to follow thine,
Tracing the eternal footsteps of Might and Love Divine.

But o'er that cherished image falls a veil of clouds and gloom,
And beside a bier I tremble, or I weep above a tomb.

And ever will the question come, O Memory! again,
Whether in thy magic mirror there is most of bliss or pain ?

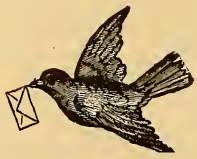
Would I not wish the brightness were for ever hid from view,
If but those hours of darkness could be all forgotten too ?

Then, weary and desponding, my spirit seeks to rise
Away from earthly conflicts, from mortal smiles or sighs.

I do not think the blessed ones with Jesus have forgot
The changing joys and sorrows which have marked their earthly lot;

But now, on Memory's record their eyes can calmly dwell;
They can see, what here they trusted—God hath done all things well;

And vain regrets and longings are as old things passed away;
No shadows dim the sunshine of that bright eternal day!



"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. iv, 18.



Bread Upon the Waters.

MID the losses and the gains ;
Mid the pleasures and the pains,
And the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this promise o'er—
We believe it more and more—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,
Will keep slipping through our hands
Jewels, gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark ;

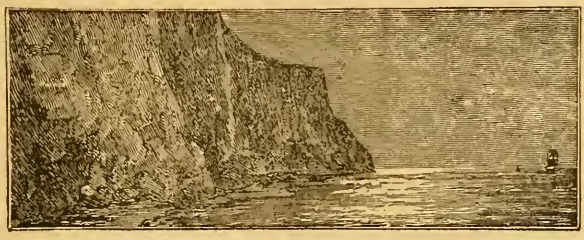
"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccles. xi, 1.

Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But these words will never fail;
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon, like dust, to you and me,
Will our earthly treasures be;
But the loving word and deed
To another in his need,
They will unforgotten be!
They will live eternally—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away,
Soon our mortal powers decay,
Low and lower sinks the sun,
What we do must soon be done;
Then what rapture, if we hear
Thousand voices ringing clear—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—Prov. xix, 17.



Bridges.

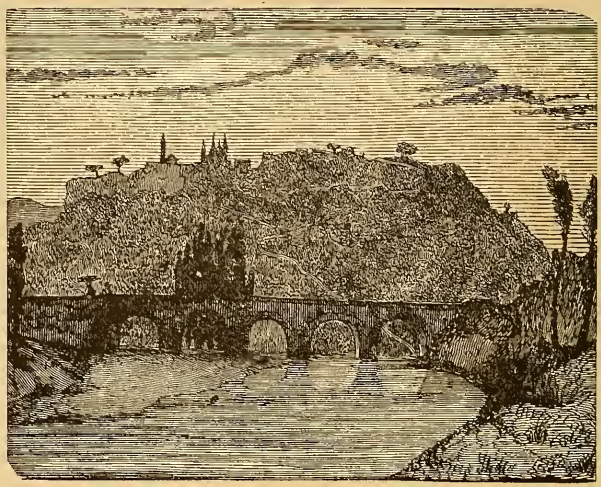
I HAVE a bridge within my heart,
Known as the Bridge of Sighs;
It stretches from life's sunny part,
To where its darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch life's tide below,
Sad thoughts come from the shadowy land
And darken all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
To sorrow's bitter sea,
Oh! mournful as the spirit-song
That upward floats to me.

"Mine eye trickleth down, and ceaseth not, without any intermission."—Lam. iii, 49.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
Of friends and friendships flown;
And pleasures gone!—their distant tread,
Now to an echo grown.



And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
Soon shut the present out,
While joy but in the past appears,
And in the future doubt.

"Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old."—Lam. v, 21.

Oh! often then will deeper grow
The night that round me lies;
I wish that life had run its flow,
Or never found its rise!

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the Bridge of Faith;
It spans, by a mysterious art,
The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from the sunny land
And brighten all its flow.

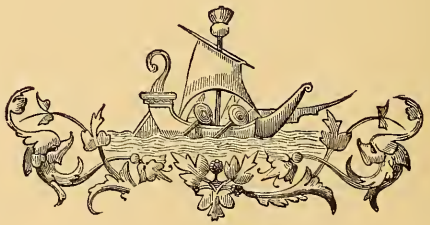
Then, as it winds its way along
Down to a distant sea,
Oh! pleasant is the spirit-song
That upward floats to me.

A song of blessings never sere,
Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here
To rise serenely there.

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him."—Lam. iii, 24.

And, hearing thus, a peace divine
Soon shuts each sorrow out;
And all is hopeful and benign,
Where all was fear and doubt.

Oh! often then will brighter grow
The light that round me lies,
I see from life's beclouded flow
A crystal stream arise.



"O Lord, thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul; thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. iii, 58.



A Thanksgiving.

FOR the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the sound of water gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."—Psa. xcii, 1.

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Eph. v, 20.

For the earth and all its beauty ;
The sky and all its light ;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight ;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod ;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing ;
A soul to know and love ;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove ;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod ;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored ;
For the Heavenly in the human,—
The spirit in the Word ;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad ;
For thine own great gift of Being
I thank Thee, O my God! —LUCY LARCOM.

"In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—Thes. v, 18.



The Atheist.

THE fool hath said "There is no God!"
No God!—Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run?
Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets, one by one,
Steal o'er the night vales, dark and damp?

No God!—Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower?
Who warms the spring-morn's budding bough,
And plants the summer's noontide flower?
Who spreads in the autumnal bower
The fruit tree's mellow stores around,
And sends the winter's icy power,
To invigorate the exhausted ground?

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."
—Psa. xiv, 1.

No God!—Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight like arrow through the sky,
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly?
Who formed Behemoth, huge and high,
That at a draught the river drains,
And great Leviathan to lie,
Like floating isle, on ocean plains?

No God!—Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet
Beyond the scenes of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of the after life?

No God!—Who fixed the solid ground
Of pillars strong, that alter not?
Who spread the curtained skies around?
Who doth the ocean bounds allot?
Who all things to perfection brought
On earth below, in heaven above?
Go ask the fool, of impious thought,
Who dares to say, "There is no God!" —WM. KNOX.

"I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee."—Job xlii, 2.



"The Master is Come and Calleth for Thee."

NOT only once he comes,
In that dim hour when, life and death between,
Floats the half liberated soul, while far
And faint the nearer lamps and voices grow,
And farther, fainter, rather guessed than seen,
Glimmers the light of heaven like glimmering star,
And sounds the summons which the dying know
To be his voice whom spirits all obey;—
Not only then, dear Lord, but every day.

Yes, every day he comes!
Not in the earthly form that once he bore,
Nor in the glorious shape which now he wears;
In mean attire, and toil-worn, painful guise,
He stands and calls beside our path, our door;

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."
—Jno. xi, 28.

Weary and spent he comes, his wound he bares,
And bends on us his deep appealing eyes,
Which voiceless, find a voice, and speak and say,
"'Tis I who call thee, child; wilt thou obey?"

In various shapes he comes;
When life grows difficult, and cares wax strong,
And pain and patience prove too hard a load,
And grief makes sorrowful the fairest noon,
And sorrows press and crowd, an armed throng,
And fierce temptations lurk along the road,
And day is hot, and night falls all too soon,—
Still in these grievous things himself we see,
And puzzled, trustful murmur, "It is he!"

Be glad because he comes!
That his blest visits are of every day,
To sweeten toil, to give that toil reward:
And when the summons soundeth clear and low,
Let us rebuke our lagging souls, and say,
"It is—oh, wondrous thought!—it is the Lord
Who deigns to claim thy help and service so!
Be quick, my soul, nor mar thy high estate;
Thy Lord and Master calls, let him not wait."

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"Blessed are those servants whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke xii, 37.



The Crocus Cross.

WHEN light the purple crocus springs,
And lifts to heaven its shining head,
My spirit on the morning's wings
Seeks the far city of the dead,
Where kindred blossoms rise, I know,
Over the sleeping dust below.

I mind me of the winter day,
The sunny sky, the grave new made,
The cross trac'd on the yielding clay,
The tear-wet bulbs within it laid:
Dark and unlovely to our eyes,
Not like the beauty that should rise.

"I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word."—Psa. cxix, 107.

Safe planted from the storm and cold,
We left them waiting for the hour
When wintry days should all be told,
And spring awake the perfect flower;
The glorious form that should appear
From the dull roots we buried there.



Not for a careless eye to see,
That mystic cryptogram was set;
A mute appeal, our God, to Thee,
A prayer that Thou wilt not forget,
Beneath that shadowed cross there lies
Somewhat of Thine that must arise.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."—Psa. cxxv, 1.

And hast not Thou, with loving thought,
Even in these flowers set Thy sign,
That so our grieving hearts be taught
Thy resurrection's truth divine,
Each spring repeating to our eyes,
Thy word of comfort, "He shall rise?"

Then let us rest in simple faith,
On the sure promise Thou hast given:
We know that Thou hast conquered death,
We know Thou rulest earth and Heaven,
Fixed on Thy truth our hopes remain,
We know that "He shall rise again."



"Thy brother shall rise again."
—Jno. xi, 23.



"He Shall Drink of the Brook in the Way."

THE way is hot, the way is long,
'Tis weary hours to even-song,
And we must travel though we tire;
But all the time beside the road
Trickle the small, clear rills of God,
At hand for our desire.

Quick mercies, small amenities,
Brief moments of repose and ease,
We stoop, and drink, and so fare on,
Unpausing, but re-nerved in strength
From hour to hour, until at length
Night falleth, and the day is done.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way."
—Psa. cx, 7.

The birds sip of the wayside rill,
And raise their heads in praises, still
 Upborne upon their flashing wings:
So drinking thus along the way,
Our little meed of thanks we pay
 To Him who fills the water springs,

And deals with equal tenderness
The larger mercies and the less:
 "O Lord, of good the fountain free,
Close by our hard day's journeying
Be thou the all-sufficing spring,
 And hourly let us drink of thee."

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.



"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."
—Jno. vii, 37.



Self-Love.

OH, I could go through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air;
I use my love for others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."
—Matt. xxii, 39.

In youth, or age, by city, wood, or mountain,
Self is forgotten never;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,
Its waters flow forever.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching
The goal in every race.

Inevitable self! vile imitation
Of universal light,—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right!

—F. W. FABER.

"And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."—Matt. xxiii, 12.

Jesus Only.

O, Jesus! on the mountain
Beside Thee I would stand,
Drink from no other fountain,
Feed from no other hand,
Gaze on no other glory,
Lean on no other breast,
Thus, thus would I adore Thee,
My Everlasting Rest!

My Lord! Thy beauty seemeth
So fair, so passing fair,
I stand like one who dreameth,
With Thee transfigured there!
Keep me, all else forgetting,
Still standing at Thy side,
Upon Thy holy mountain,
Whatever may betide.

—L. T. IN "WORD AND WORK."

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—Jno. xiv, 6.

Lines Written in a Churchyard.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pen him below
In a small narrow cave and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

"It is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Mark ix, 5.

Shall we build to the purple of pride?
To the trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain!
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above,
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

"I have seen all the works that are done under the sun: and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—Eccles. i, 14.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve,
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, that insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

—HERBERT KNOWLES.

"That raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."—1 Peter. i, 21.

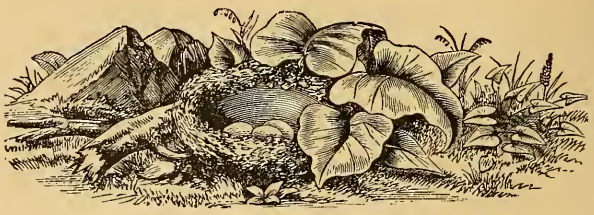


Yearning.

IN thy closet daily hiding,
Talk with God;
He will take away the chiding
And the rod.
And in the place of sore distress
Build thy life in holiness

One star lifts above another
Towards His light;
One ray other rays shall gather
In its flight;
And ere long thy peace shall be
Sure as His who leadeth thee.

"I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land."—Psa. cxliii, 6.



Satisfied.

NOT here ! not here ! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sounds as we draw near ;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters ;
I shall be satisfied—but O, not here !

Not here, where all our dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal ;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture, earth's sojourners may not know ;
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-crossed currents flow.

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications."—Psa. cxvi, 1.

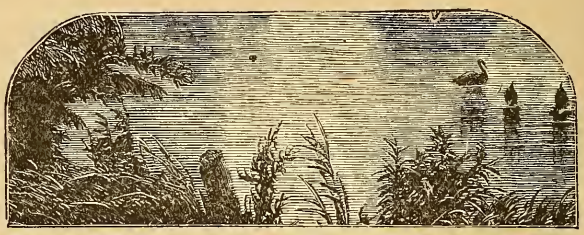
Far out of sight, while mortal robes enfold us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than those few words, "I shall be satisfied."

What! truly satisfied! The soul's vague longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O, what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending;
Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where all my wanderings ending,
I then shall see thee and "be satisfied."



"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest."—Job iii, 17.



There is no Death.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—Thes. iv, 14.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."
—Phil. i, 21.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—LORD LYTTON.



"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."
—Rev. ii, 10.



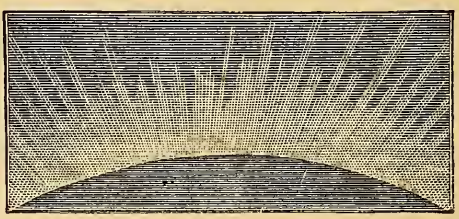


Charity.

THE blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours,
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 't will fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again,—
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,—
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near, and feels.

—THOMAS N. TALFOURD.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."—1 Cor. xiii, 4.



The Chamber of Peace.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, facing the sunrising. The name of the chamber was Peace."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

AFTER the burden and heat of the day,
The starry calm of night;
After the rough and toilsome way,
A sleep in the robe of white.

O blessed Pilgrim! we see thy face
As an angel's face might seem,
For, lying pale in that shadowy place,
Thou dreamest a golden dream.

The stars are watching the sleeping saint,
And lighting the sleeping brow;
But the light of the stars is cold and faint
To the glory he dreameth now:

"For he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints."
—Psa. lxxxv, 8.

For the things that are hid from waking eyes
Shine clear to the veiled sight;
From the chamber dim where the Pilgrim lies
We can watch the fountains of light.

The journey is over, the fight is fought,
He hath seen the Home of his love;
And the smile on the dreamer's face is caught
From the land of smiles above.

We also have sometimes lain asleep
In the blessed Chamber of Peace;
Too weary to wrestle, or watch, or weep,
For a while the struggle must cease—

We give thanks for the weakness that makes us lie
So helpless and calm for a while;
The roar of the battle goes hoarsely by,
And we hear it, in dreams, with a smile.

Oh, sweet is the slumber wherewith the King
Hath caused the weary to rest!
For, sleeping, we hear the angels sin
We lean on the Master's breast.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."
—Psa. xxix, 11.

Thou hast another Chamber, dear Lord,—
The secret place of peace,
Where Thy precious ones are safely stored,
When their weary wanderings cease:

After the burden and heat of the day,
The starry calm of night;
After the rough and toilsome way,
A sleep in the robe of white.

The sacred Chamber is still and wide,
You listen in vain for a breath;
And pale lie the sleepers, side by side,
In the cold moonlight of death.

No sighs are heard in the shadowy place,
No voices of them that weep;
They have fought the fight, and finished the race.
God giveth them rest in sleep.

Are they dreaming, the sleepers pale and still?
For their faces are rapt and calm,
As though they were treading the Holy Hill,
And hearkening the angels' psalm:

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv, 7.

The things that were hid from waking eyes
Shine clear to the veiled sight;
In the last deep sleep the Pilgrims rise,
To walk on the shores of Light.

Oh, sweet is the slumber wherewith the King
Hath caused the weary to rest!
For, sleeping, they hear the angels sing,
They lean on the Master's breast.

And sweet is the Chamber, silent and wide,
Where lingers the holy smile
Of a wayfaring Man, who turned aside
To rest, long ago, for a while:

He had suffered a sorrow which none may tell,
He had purchased a Gift unpriced;
When his work was over the moonlight fell
On the sleeping face of Christ:

The face of a Victor, dead and crowned,
With a smile divinely fair;
The saints and martyrs sleeping around
Were stirred as He entered there:

"And the graves were opened: and many bodies of the saints which slept arose."—Matt. xxvii, 52.

His very Name is as ointment poured
On the moonlight pale to-night;
And the Chamber is sweet to Thy servants, Lord,
For the scent of Thy raiment white.

The silent Chamber faceth the east,
Faceth the dawn of the day,
And the shining feet of our great High Priest
Shall break through the shadows gray.

The golden dawn of the Day of God
Shall smite on the sealed eyes;
The trumpet's sound shall thunder around,
The dreamers shall wake and rise.

The night is over, the sleep is slept,
They are called from the shadowy place;
The Pilgrims stand in the glorious land,
And gaze on the Master's face.

"He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness."—Isa. lvii, 2.

"After the Burial."

YES, faith is a goodly anchor,
Where skies are as sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff broad-shouldered calm.

A..d when o'er breakers to leeward
The scattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

"But I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, as others having no hope."—1 Thes. iv, 13.

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And you find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt—

Then better one spar of memory;
One broken plank of the past—
That our poor hearts may cling to,
Tho' hopeless of shore at last.

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the heart its sweet despair,
Its tears on the thin worn locket,
With its beauty of deathless hair.

Immortal! I feel it, and know it;
Who doubts it of such as she!
But that's the pang's very secret—
Immortal away from me.

There is a little ridge in the church-yard,
'Twould scarce stay a child in its race,
But to me and my thoughts 'tis wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.

"Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me."—Psa. cii, 2.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect;
Your moral most drearily true;
But the earth that stops my darling's ears,
Makes mine insensate, too.



Console if you will, I can bear it,
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death.

"Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to thy word unto thy servant."—Psa. cxix, 76.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I who am sickly and weak
Would give all my income from dreamland
For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
Its motionless hollow confronts you,
And argues your wisdom down.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

(After the burial of his little daughter.)



"In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord."
—Psa. lxxvii, 2.



Living Waters.

IN some wild Eastern legend the story has been told
Of a fair and wondrous fountain, that flowed in times of old;
Cold and crystalline its waters, brightly glancing in the ray
Of the summer moon at midnight, or the sun at height of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a favored hour
Infused into the limpid depths a strange mysterious power;
A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush again,
Where but some drops were scattered on the dry and barren plain.

So the traveler might journey, not now in fear and haste,
Far through the mountain-desert, far o'er the sandy waste,
If but he sought this fountain first, and from its wondrous store
The secret of unfailing springs along with him he bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend—yet may not meanings high,
Visions of better things to come, within its shadow lie?
Type of a better fountain, to mortals now unsealed,
The full and free salvation in Christ our Lord revealed?

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."—Rev. vii, 17.

Beneath the Cross those waters rise, and he who finds them there
All through the wilderness of life the living stream may bear;
And blessings follow in his steps, until where'er he goes,
The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom as the rose.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, come to this fountain side!
Drink freely of its waters, drink, and be satisfied!
Yet linger not, but hasten on, and bear to all around
Glad tidings of the love, and peace, and mercy thou hast found!

To Afric's pathless deserts, to Greenland's frozen shore—
Where din of mighty cities sounds, or savage monsters roar—
Wherever man may wander with his heritage of woe,
To tell of brighter things above, go, brothers, gladly go!

Then, as of old in vision seen before the prophet's eyes,
Broader and deeper on its course the stream of life shall rise;
And everywhere, as on it flows, shall carry light and love,
Peace and good-will to man on earth, glory to God above!

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."
—Isa. lv, 1.

The Pilgrim.

STILL onward through this land of foes
I pass in Pilgrim guise;
I may not stop to seek repose
Where cool the shadow lies;
I may not stoop amid the grass
To pluck earth's fairest flowers,
Nor by her springing fountains pass
The sultry noontide hours;

Yet flowers I wear upon my breast
That no earth-garden knows—
White lilies of immortal peace,
And love's deep-tinted rose;
And there the blue-eyed flowers of faith,
And hope's bright buds of gold,
As lone I tread the upward path,
In richest hues unfold.

"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."
—Jno. xvii, 16.

I keep my armor ever on,
For foes beset my way;
I watch, lest passing on alone
I fall a helpless prey.
No earthly love have I—I lean
Upon no mortal breast;
But my Beloved, though unseen,
Walks near and gives me rest.

Afar, around, I often see,
Throughout this desert wide,
His Pilgrims pressing on like me—
They often pass my side;
The kindly smile, the gentle word,
For Jesus' sake I give;
But love—O Thou alone adored!
For Thee alone I live.

Painful and dark the pathway seems
To distant earthly eyes;
They only see the hedging thorns
On either side that rise;
They can not know how soft between
The flowers of love are strewn—
The sunny ways, the pastures green,
Where Jesus leads His own;

"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."—Luke ix, 58.

They cannot see, as darkening clouds
 Behind the Pilgrim close,
How far adown the western glade
 The golden glory flows;
They cannot hear 'mid earthly din
 The song to Pilgrims known,
Still blending with the angels' hymn
 Around the wondrous throne.

So I, Thy bounteous token-flowers
 Still on my bosom wear;
While me, the fleeting love-winged hours
 To Thee still nearer bear;
So from my lips Thy song shall flow,
 My sweetest music be;
So on mine eyes the glory grow,
 Till all is lost in Thee.

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—Luke xiv, 27.

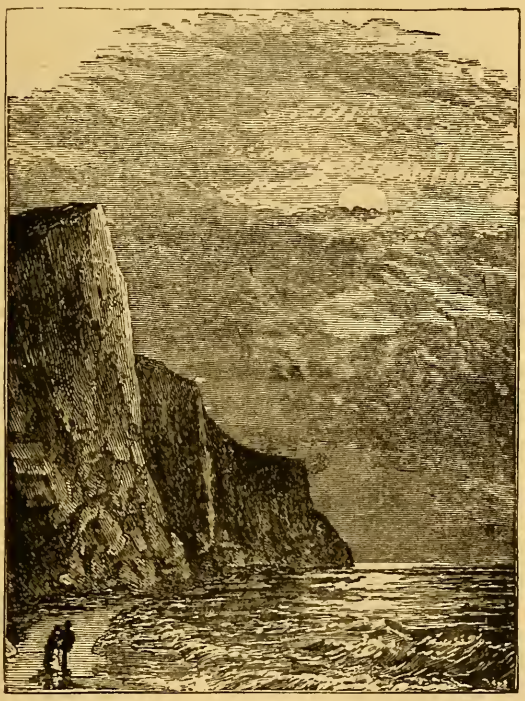


Our Ships at Sea.

HOW many of us have ships at sea,
Freighted with wishes and hopes and fears,
Tossing about on the waves, while we
Linger and wait on the shore for years,
Gazing afar through the distance dim
And sighing, will ever our ships come in?

We sent them away with laughter and song,
The decks were white and the sails were new,
The fragrant breezes bore them along,
The sea was calm and the skies were blue,
And we thought as we watched them sail away
Of the joy they would bring us some future day.

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."—Lam. iii, 26.



Long have we watched beside the shore
To catch the gleam of a coming sail,

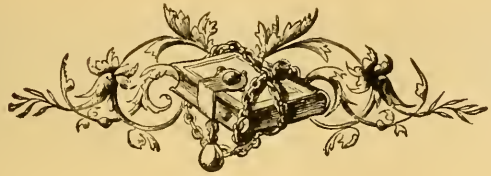
"Fear not, nor be dismayed; be strong and of good courage."
—Josh. x, 25.

But we only hear the breakers' roar
Or the sweeping night wind's dismal wail,
Till our cheeks grow pale, and our eyes grow dim,
And we sadly sigh, will they ever come in?

Oh! poor sad heart with its burden of cares,
Its aims defeated, its worthless life
That has garnered only the thorns and the tares
That is seared and torn in the pitiful strife,
Afar on the heavenly golden shore
Thy ships are anchored forever more.

FLORENCE GROVER.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—Jer. xvii, 7.



Heaven by Littles.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder, by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true!
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love."
—Rom. xii, 10.



Coming.

IT may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet
Therefore I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;

"Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh."—Mark xiii, 35.

Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning."
—Mark xiii, 35.

Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done,

"Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is."
—Mark xiii, 33.

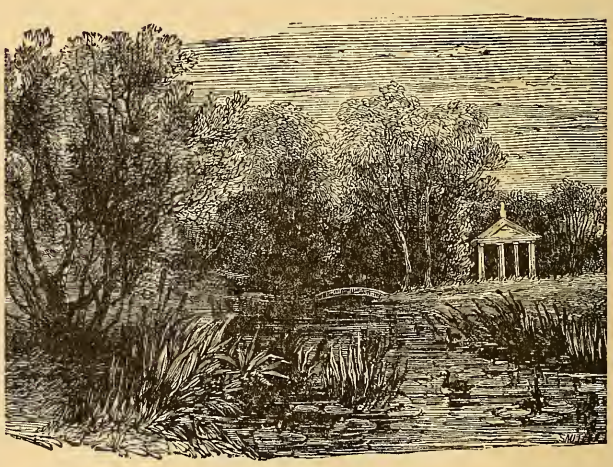
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore:
As you work your heart must watch
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw Him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall

"For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels."—Matt. xvi, 27.

Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back for me
Till I was aware of an Angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.



He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."
—Rev. i, 7.

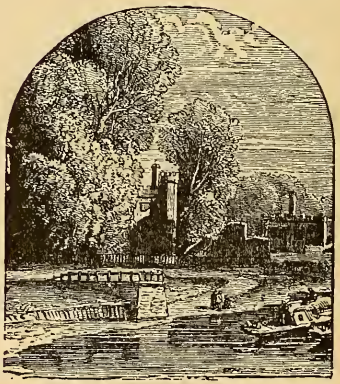
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face:
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.

"Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."—Matt. xxvi, 64.

And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come;
And the Angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

—MRS. B. MACANDREW.



"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly."
—Rev. xxii, 20.



Under the Shadow of the Almighty.

UNDER the shadow of his wings;
Oh sweetest rest!
Thou canst not find, my soul, an hiding-place
So safe as in thy Father's arms of grace;
He calls them blest
Who find the joy his promise brings.

There is no other resting place,
My soul, so dear;
The shadow of his wings is great and wide,
And yet so near it draws thee to his side,
So very near,
'Tis like a glimpse of his loved face.

Under the shadow of his wings;
Oh, who may stay?

"Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Psa. xvii, 8.

They who find rest within his secret place,
They who find joy but in his own rich grace,
And only they,
May know the joy the shadow brings.

For joy, not born of earthly things,
Fills all the place;
Come near, my soul, come closer, closer still,
See! thou art shielded now from ever ill—
Rest in God's grace,
Under the shadow of his wings.

—MILLIE COLCORD.



"Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge."
—Psa. lvii, 1.

Time.

EARTHLY things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the schoolboy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past;
Throned in His might, all times to Him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before Him one eternal Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi, 2.

Time moveth not!—our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,



Ordained to chronicle our passing days:
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!
Are the illusions of this proteus life!
All, all is false: through every phasis still
'Tis shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
The semblances of things and specious shapes;
But the lost traveler might as soon rely
On the evasive spirit of the marsh,

"For in the multitude of dreams and many words there are also divers vanities: but fear thou God."—Eccl. v, 7.

Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
As we on its appearances.

On earth
There is nor certainty nor stable hope.
As well the weary mariner, whose bark
Is tossed beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
Where storm and darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of serener skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some peevish cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage;
As we look forward in this vale of tears
To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy, unsubstantial happiness.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation—He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark Vicissitude.—Even in death—
In that dread hour, when, with a giant pang,

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil."—Psa. xxiii, 4.

Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free—
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre. The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurned,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherished in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed. Even He,
The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way,
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.

—HENRY KIRKE WHITE.



"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death."—Prov. xiv, 32.



He is Risen.

THE tomb is empty; wouldst thou have it full?
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay;
O weak in faith, O slow of heart and dull,
To doat on darkness, and shut out the day!

The tomb is empty; He who, three short days,
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,
He who for death gave death, and life for life;
Our heavenly Kinsman, our true flesh and blood;
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,
While angels went and came from morn till even,
Our truer Jacob laid his wearied head;
This was to him the very gate of heaven.

"He is not here: for he is risen."
—Matt. xxviii, 6.

The Conqueror, not the conquer'd, He to whom
The keys of death and of the grave belong,
Cross'd the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here death had reigned; into no tomb like this
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way;
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,
So vast a treasure, so divine a prey.

But now his triumph ends; the rock-barr'd door
Is open'd wide, and the Great Pris'ner gone;
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison
Is shatter'd, never to be built again;
And He, the mighty Captive, He is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is ris'n who is the First and Last;
Who was and is; who liveth and was dead;
Beyond the reach of death he now has pass'd,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.

—HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

"I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."—John xx, 17.



Even-Song.

ALL day the birds are singing as they flit from grove and tree,
But at twilight hath their music the sweetest sound to me,

For then all tones are gathered into one full-tided chord,
And up from wood and meadow arises "Praise the Lord."

The soft wind bears it onward, low murmuring in the pines,
I hear it in the rustle of the moth amid the vines.

The bee that swingeth homeward, after honey-seeking hours,
Hath the secret, in his whirring, of the vivid life of flowers.

The cattle slowly wending from the pasture-land their way,
In every tinkle of their bells, tell of the ending day.

Then, sudden from the orchard, out rings the robin's note,
In silver trills around me his rapture seems to float.

"Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof."—Psa. xcvi, 11.



"Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice."—Psa. xcvi, 12.

And, listening, my spirit is borne to realms afar,
Yet near, as near as heaven, where the happy ransomed are.

I join my silence unto the many-threaded strain
That unto God uplifted, goes on through joy and pain.

Away from space and limits, away from time and sense,
I send my thought to find its rest in God's kind providence.

For, at night, when work is over, and cares awhile retreat,
The soul must breathe its even-song low at the Father's feet.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



"Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Psa. xcvii, 12.

A Little Longer.

OH, to be in Jesus's bosom,
There to hide my pain and care,
There to feel his arms around me,
All my trouble ended there!

Oh, to be in quiet lying
On his peace-insuring breast,
There forgetting sin and sorrow,
There forevermore at rest!

Ties, that hold us here, unknotted
In the faith we there must know—
Willing, in his trusted presence,
To let earthly dear things go:

Willing to resign the dearest,
Even the flesh of our flesh born,
Even the baby, in our dying
Left so humanly forlorn!

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."
—Psa. lxxxiv, 2.

Ah! I feel his tiny fingers
Reaching helplessly to me;
Let me still a little longer
Painful, sorrowing, troubled be,

So I yet may be his comfort,
Shield him from the bitter cold,
Lead him by my guiding counsel
To a tender Saviour's fold!

Not until my task is ended,
Task of toil or agony,
Would I close my weary eyelids
And in bliss forever be:

Not until life's work is finished
Would I seek the perfect rest
That awaits the poor believer
Sinking tired on Jesus' breast.

—MARY B. DODGE.



"He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him."
—Psa. xxi, 4.



Evening.

GENTLY the dew falls on the grass,
The winds are hushed to rest,
And softly sinks the crescent moon,
Adown the quiet west.

And one by one, as shadows fall,
The stars come out on high,
Till in full brightness spreads unveiled
The glory of the sky.

I sit upon the summer hills,
Far from the noisy throng,
And hear the modest night-bird sing
Her low and plaintive song.

The little streamlets bright and clear
Go singing on their way,
While countless insect voices weave
Their never-ending lay.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."
—Psa. cxlv, 10.



"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."
—Psa. cl, 6.

O God, in such an hour as this,
How yearns the soul to know
The mysteries of the heavens above
And of the earth below!

An atom in the boundless whole,
A speck upon the air,
I seem as one engulfed and lost,
Without a Father's care.

My life I draw, I know not how,
From the mysterious past;
Before me stretches all unknown
A future strange and vast.

What part have I in this wide realm?
What place have I to fill?
Or can the smallest issue hang
Upon my wavering will?

Yet folded in these shades of night,
My busy thoughts arise,
To range afar the fields of earth,
And wander through the skies.

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."—Psa. civ, 24.

Is there a hand that reaches down
From out this vast unknown?
Is there a love that beckons me
To the eternal throne?

I ask the silent stars above,
As men have asked of old,
No voice comes from them, as they look
On mountains still and cold.

The entrance of Thy Word, O God!
Alone can break this night,
And shed o'er all the way I go
A clear and living light.

By faith, I take that blessed Word
And follow at its call;
The God who made the heavens and earth,
Can see and know them all.

—REV. I. N. TARBOX, D. D.



"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."
Psa. cxix, 105.

Trust.

A PICTURE memory brings to me;
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath His hand:
That pain itself for good was planned,
I trust, but cannot understand.

"Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord; he is their help and their shield."—Psa. cxv, 11.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I wait and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love !

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.



"Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust."
—Psa. xl, 4.



Christian's Clock.

"And Christian made a shrine for the hours the Lord had given him; and from the shrine a golden chain was linked to the great bell at the prayer-gate, and when the bell struck, the angel opened the gate and gave back the answer."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

THE bell tolls one—
Teach me to say,
"Thy will be done."

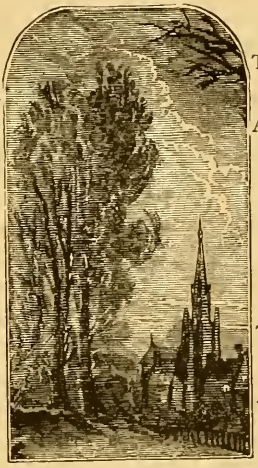
The bell tolls two—
Help me each day
Thy will to do.

The bell tolls three—
I ask in faith
To follow Thee.

"For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased."—Prov. ix, 11.

The bell tolls four—
I pray for trust
For evermore.

The bell tolls five—
For Christian speech
Help me to strive.



The bell tolls seven—
O make my life
A way to heaven.

The bell tolls six—
Teach me my Hope
On Thee to fix.

The bell tolls eight—
May I in peace
And patience wait.

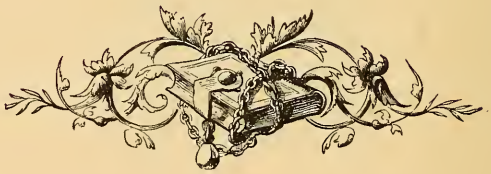
The bell tolls nine—
Let Charity
Be ever mine.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Prov. xxvii, 1.

The bell tolls ten—
I pray for love
To God and men.

It tolls eleven—
Let me each hour
Be nearer heaven.

Twelve strokes I hear!
Now perfect love
Hath cast out fear.



"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxiv, 44.


Thou crownest
the year with thy
goodness; and thy
paths drop fatness
Ps. 65 : 11.
WHITESHIRE
T. SULMAN



The Rose-Bud.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,
Waving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath?

Whoever saw the earliest Rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

"And should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how."—Mark iv, 27.



"For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Mark iv, 28.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
 Blushed on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western heaven illume
 At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven;
 Love gentle, holy, pure:
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
 She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
 Here in the coarse, rude earth:
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance,
 Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
 Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root,
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
 Least known its happy part.

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 John iv, 7.

God only, and good angels, look
 Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
 By all but heaven unseen:

As when the Holy Maid beheld
 Her risen Son and Lord:
Thought has not colors half so fair,
That she to paint that hour may dare
 In silence best adored.

The gracious dove, that brought from heaven
 The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
Of many a happy vision dwelling,
 Sings not a note of this

So, truest image of the Christ,
 Old Israel's long-lost Son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called His conscious brethren near,
 Would weep with them alone.

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."
—1 John iv, 11.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in His Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasures of delight?

No; let the dainty Rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.

—KEBLE.



"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."
—1 John iv, 8.



"They also serbe who only stand and wait."—Milton.

THE fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain;
I long to toil among the reapers there;
What full ripe sheaves I'll gather, ere the rain,
To show my gratitude for God's dear care!

Thus saying, proud and resolute I stood
Amid the ever-busy, hurrying throng;
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,
The Lord and Master, as He passed along,

He came. Quick pressing through the eager throng,
I stood beside Him, near the open gate;
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong—"
He turned, and softly said, "Here stand and wait!"

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."—Psa. xxvii, 14.

The hot blood to my brow and temples flew—
I struggled fiercely with my hapless fate—
"Oh, Master, have you naught for me to do?"
"Yes," He replied at once, "Here stand and wait."

He passed along; and thro' the weary hours
I stood with restless hands and aching heart;
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers
Beneath my feet, while thus I stood apart.

Again He passed—and in my grief I said,
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait!"
One look of sad rebuke; no word He said,
But left me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass;
I watch the reapers cut the bearded grain;
I see their heavy sheaves, and sigh, alas,
That I may only watch and wait.

The night draws near. I seek Him once again—
"Oh, Master, see—'tis growing dark, and late!
I have no sheaves!" His sweet voice soothes my pain,
"They serve me best who patient stand and wait!"

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."
—Psa. xxxvii, 7.

So, patiently, I strive to stand and wait
Thro' all the glories of the fading years;
Wait till His hand shall lead me thro' the gate,
And change my sighs to songs, to smiles my tears.

—REBECCA RUTER SPRINGER.



"For the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for him."—Isa. xxx, 18.

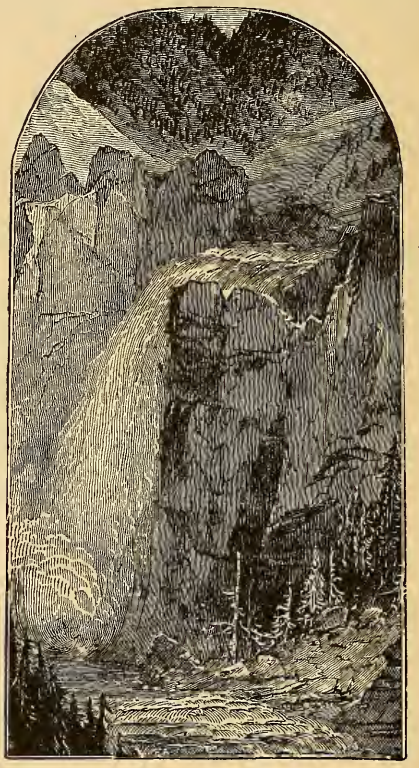


Lessons Sweet.

LESSONS sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or heav'n-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

"And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses."— Isa. xliv, 4.



"For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."—Isa. xliv, 3.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,—
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

"But godliness with contentment is great gain."
—1 Tim. vi, 6.



"I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert."
—Isa. xliii, 19.

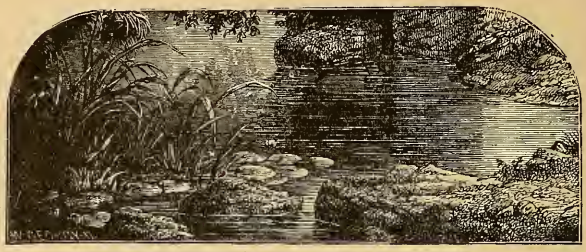
If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
 Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
 For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
 Of the greenest darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
 All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

—KEBLE.



"Fear not: for I am with thee."
—Isa. xliii, 5.



The Hour of Death.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care;
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyful hearth;
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."
—Job xiv, 2.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have ONE season—ALL are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

"He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."
—Job xiv, 2.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death.

—MRS. HEMANS.



"If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—Job xiv, 14.



Softly.

SOFTLY comes the sunset hour,
With its fading light;
Softly steals a sweet repose
O'er the coming night.

Softly do the happy birds
Evening-notes repeat;
Softly, 'mid the leafy trees,
Sigh the zephyrs sweet.

Softly fades the dying Day
In the golden west;
Softly comes the silent Night
Like a dream of rest.

Softly as this sunset scene,
When I'm called away,
I would pass the Vale of Night
To the Gates of Day! —E. A. BARNES.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."
—Psa. cvii, 29.



The Father's Care for His Children.

FIRST Father of the holy seed,
If yet, invoked in hour of need,
Thou count me for Thine own,
Not quite an outcast if I prove,
(Thou joy'st in miracles of love)
Hear, from Thy mercy-throne!

Upon thine altar's horn of gold
Help me to lay my trembling hold,
Though stain'd with Christian gore—
The blood of souls by Thee redeem'd,
But, while I rov'd or idly dream'd,
Lost to be found no more.

For oft, when summer leaves were bright,
And every flower was bath'd in light,
In sunshine moments past,

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak."
—Psa. vi, 2.

My wilful heart would burst away
From where the holy shadow lay,
Where Heaven my lot had cast.

I thought it scorn with Thee to dwell,
A Hermit in a silent cell,
While, gaily sweeping by,
Wild Fancy blew his bugle strain,
And marshall'd all his gallant train
In the world's wondering eye.

I would have join'd him—but as oft
Thy whisper'd warnings, kind and soft,
My better soul confess'd,
"My servant, let the world alone—
Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne
Be tranquil and be blest.

"Seems it to thee a niggard hand
That nearest Heaven has bade thee stand,
The ark to touch and bear,
With incense of pure heart's desire
To heap the censer's sacred fire,
The snow-white ephod wear?"

"For I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness."—Jonah iv, 2.

Why should we crave the worldling's wreath,
On whom the Saviour deign'd to breathe,
To whom His keys were given,
Who lead the choir where Angels meet,
With Angels' food our brethren greet,
And pour the drink of heaven?

When sorrow all our heart would ask,
We need not shun our daily task,
And hide ourselves for calm;
The herbs we seek to heal our woe
Familiar by our pathway grow,
Our common air is balm.

Around each pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine,
Our hearths are altars all;
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armed Angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal.

Alms all around and hymns within—
What evil eye can entrance win
Where guards like these abound?

"Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."—Psa. xx, 7.

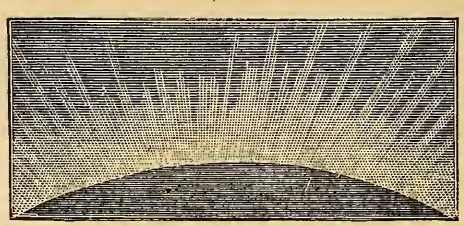
If chance some heedless heart should roam,
Sure, thought of these will lure it home
Ere lost in Folly's round.

O joys, that sweetest in decay,
Fall not, like wither'd leaves, away,
But with the silent breath
Of violets drooping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death!

—KEBLE.



"Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."
—Psa. xxiii, 5.



The Covered Bridge.

TELL the fainting soul in the weary form,
There's a world of the purest bliss,
That is linked, as the soul and form are linked,
By a Covered Bridge, with this.

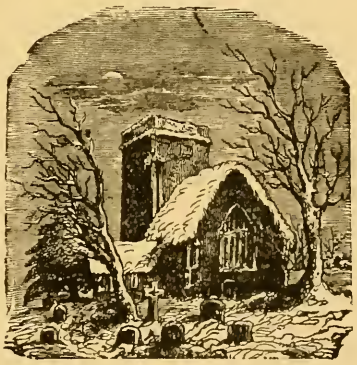
Yet to reach that realm on the other shore
We must pass through a transient gloom,
And must walk, unseen, unhelped and alone,
Through that Covered Bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
For the universal toll
Is the outer garb, which the hand of God
Has flung around the soul.

"The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all."—Prov. xxii, 2.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge is dark,
And the river it spans is wide,
Yet faith points through to a shining mount
That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's march,
To climb up that golden ridge,
We must all lie down for one night's rest
Inside of the Covered Bridge.



"Death is swallowed up in victory."
—1 Cor. xv, 54.



The Lily of the Valley.

FAIR flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes, on bank or spray,
Our England's Lily of the May,
Our Lily of the Vale!

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem of the thoughtful mind,
Of God's paternal care?

Not this, I trow; for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the East:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."—Matt. vi, 28.

There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parched Esdrela's plain
And Tabor's oak-girt crest,

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant discs unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state,
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnished gold.

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handiwork;
Our western valleys' humbler child,
Where, in green nook of woodland wild,
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,
Yet born to bloom and fade,
Thee to a lovelier robe arrays,
Than, e'en in Israel's brightest days,
Her wealthiest kings arrayed.

"And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Matt. vi, 29.

Of thy twin-leaves the embowered screen,
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green,
 Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arched and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendent many a pearly gem,
 Displays a milk-white bell·

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
 As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
 And berries scarlet red;

The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
 Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While Spring shall weave her flowery crown,
 Or vernal breezes blow;

Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand?
Who at creation gave command,
 And willed thee thus to be;

"The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them."—Psa. lxxxix, 11.

And keeps thee still in being, through
Age after age revolving? Who
But the great God is He?

Omnipotent, to work His will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assigned;
Still provident with sleepless care,
To keep; to make thee sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment—kind!

"There is no God," the senseless say:—
"O God! why cast'st thou us away?"
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought;
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet Lily of the Vale!

Yes, He who made and fosters thee,
In Reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine;
Nor deems she that His guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

—BISHOP MANT.

"Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God."
—Psa. cxv, 2.



Casting Anchors.

THE night is dark, but God, my God,
Is here and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor Patience out,
And wish, but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves
Within His hand are held,
And trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp,
I'll trust Him though He slay;
So, letting go the anchor Faith,
I'll wish, but wait for day.

"But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—Rom. viii, 25.

Still seem the moments dreary, long?
I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on His "eternal years,"
And feast upon His word,
His promises so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,
And wish, but wait for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine,
How can I feel one fluttering doubt,
In hands so dear as Thine;
I'll lean on Thee, my best Beloved,
My heart on Thy heart I lay;
And casting out the anchor Love,
I'll wish and wait for day.



'But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love."—1 Thes. v, 8.

"Nobody Knows but Jesus."

NOBODY knows but Jesus!
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know?

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."
—Psa. lv, 22.

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share;

Whether it be so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
And seem so real to me;

Either, and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest Friend;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend;

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."
—Matt. xi, 30.

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which His teachings flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



"And ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—John xvi, 20.



"Cover Them Over."

COVER them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours;
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom,
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over,—yes, cover them over,—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover;
Crown in your heart those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

* * * * * * *

Cover the thousands who sleep far away—
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee."
—Psa. xci, 11.

They who in mountain, and hillside, and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose;
Sweetly around them the wild flow'ret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering names for the patriot dead.
So in our minds we will name them once more,
So in our hearts we will cover them o'er;
Roses, and lilies, and violets blue,
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.
Cover them over,—yes, cover them over,—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover;
Think of these far-away heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

—FROM WILL CARLETON'S "FARM LEGENDS."



"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."—Psa. xci, 4.



The Secret of a Happy Day.

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant."—Psa. xxv, 14.

Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessed day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.

"The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him."
—Ezra viii, 22.

Just to recognize its light,
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

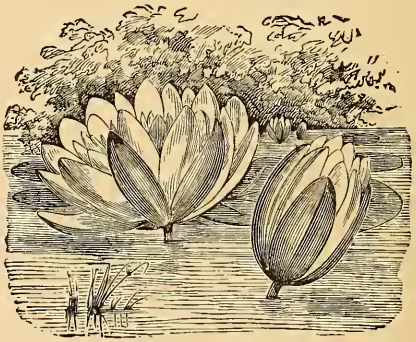
Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually."
—Isa. lviii, 11.

Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."
—1 Peter v, 7.

A Midnight Hymn.

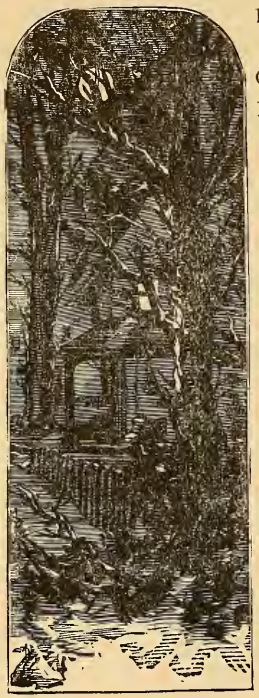
The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trust is unknown. It was found treasured up in an humble cottage in England.

IN the mild silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God! but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast—
Some vague impression of the day foregone—
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee
And lay it down.

So if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

"God is with thee in all that thou doest."
—Gen. xxi, 22.



For O! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything besides, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything; my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but thee?

"But if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth."—John ix, 31.



Joy Cometh.

ONLY a baby, with winsome face,
Daintily showing each baby grace,
Only filling baby's place,—
Yet the dear Lord sent it here.
Only a child with golden hair,
Gathering sunshine, instead of care,
Followed by many an earnest prayer,
And many an anxious fear.

Only a maiden, loving and true,
Waiting for some great work to do;
Looking forward the long years through,—
But the Lord was over all.
Only a mother, with patient feet,
With tender love for her little one sweet,
Praying wisdom to guide her feet,
And the dear Lord heard the call.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. xxxii, 8.

Only a woman, faded and old,
With hair of gray instead of gold;
With the years of her life a sum all told,
And finished the work begun.
Only a coffin, with flowers dressed;
Only a patient face at rest,
With folded hands on a peaceful breast,
For the Lord hath said, "Well done."

Only a grave, in a churchyard cold,
With the pale moon shining in beams of gold,
For the Lord hath gathered safe into fold
His child,—all labor past.
Over the river, where angels dwell,
Where songs of praises raise and swell,
Where Christ is King, and all is well,
She met her Lord at last.



"He will be our guide even unto death."
Psa. xlviii, 14.



Suffering and Joy.

WHAT though we suffer while we stay,
'Tis but the anguish of a day;
At most, our life is but a span;
A "hand's-breadth" are the days of man.
What if those days we "sow in tears,"
And our hearts heave with racking fears,
Despairing thought and cank'ring care
Their impress on our spirit bear,
We'll hope, and faint not in the race,
But pray for all-suffering grace
To help us trust, from hour to hour,
The Saviour's love and watchful power,
Ere long, our earth-life being done,
The battle fought, the victory won,
With joy we'll lay our armor down,
And at his feet receive the crown.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii, 18.



Sometimes.

CHILDHOOD'S dreams! those beautiful dreams;
Echoes of long ago;
Voiceless visitants, trooping in
With stately step and slow:
Heroes and lovers—the grand ideals
Pictured in innocent rhyme;
Castles so grand that stood in the land
Of sweet and charmed "Sometime."

Oh, the witching air of that land so fair!
E'en the veil of time scarce hides
Where hope's bright wing is hovering,
And the bliss we covet bides.
To day may ring with tireless hand
Joy's purest, richest chime;
But, oh, we long for a grander song
In the realm of glad "Sometime."

"Rejoicing in hope."
—Rom. xii, 12.



"And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures."
—2 Tim. iii, 15.

Who that has lived, and loved, and fought
The battle of life with a will,
But can see by the way some landmark lay
Where hopes lie buried still?
With a sigh and a tear o'er the lowly bier,
We hasten on to the shrine
Where every soul may its burden roll,
In the fairy land "Sometime."

But what are a few dark, weary days?
What matter our buried joys?
When we stand at last on the verge of time
They will seem like useless toys:
For hope still beckons and points beyond
To a glorious, golden clime;
Listening and longing, we seem to hear
The sweet refrain "Sometime."

—ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—"No."

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble."
—Job xiv, 1.

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—"Yes, in heaven!"

—CHARLES MACKAY.

"Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."
—Job v, 7.





The Two Sunsets.

NO bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified:

"He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down."—Psa. civ, 19.

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;



While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness, where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. iv, 2.

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Thro' their green gates the sunshine showed
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade, and glen, and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold,

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father! let Thy light break through!

"But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."
—Zech. xiv, 7.

So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth;

And, in Thy beckoning angels, know
The dear ones whom we loved below?"

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.



"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. xiii, 43.

Unspoken Prayer.

TOO tired—too worn to pray,
I can but fold my hands,
Entreating in a voiceless way,
Of him who understands
How flesh and heart succumb—
How will sinks, weary—weak,

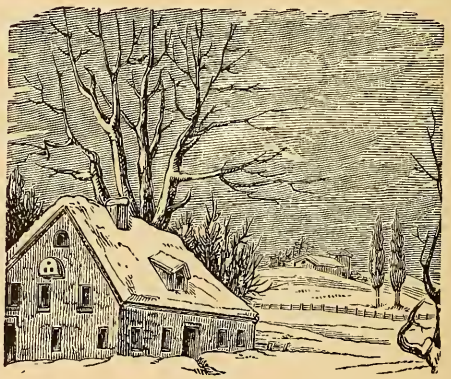
Dear Lord, my languid lips are dumb,
See what I cannot speak.
Just as the wearied child,
Through sobbing pain opprest,
Drops, hushing all its wailings wild,
Upon its mother's breast—

So on thy bosom, I
Would cast my speechless prayer.
Nor doubt that thou wilt let me lie
In trustful weakness there,
And though no conscious thought
Before me rises clear,

"Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens."
—Lam. iii, 41.

The prayer of wordless language wrought,
Thou yet will deign to hear,
For when, at best I plead—
What so my spirit saith—
I only am the bruised reed,
And thou the breathing breath.

—MARGARET J. PRESTON.



"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer."
—Isa. lxv, 24.

I Would Have Gone.

I WOULD have gone, God bade me stay,
I would have worked, God bade me rest;
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay, God bids me go,
Now I would rest, God bids me work;
He breaks my heart, tossed too and fro;
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me!
Day after day, I plod and moil,
But Christ, my Lord, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with Thee?

"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure."—Eph. i, 9.

Grandfather's Pet.

THIS is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago—
Quiet, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow.
There by the bed in the dusty gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands and pray;
Here is the little white rose of a room,
With the fragrance fled away!

Nelly, grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face—
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Nelly is singing elsewhere—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
—Eccl. xii, 1.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue—



If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she is quiet and buried and dead,
I should not wonder much;

"Are they not all ministering spirits."
—Heb. i, 14.

For she was so young, you know—
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me so,
Though I was gray and old;
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
And it still looked living, when she lay dead,
As she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown dressed,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great, strong men, with their prayers un'rue—
Nay, rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do!

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—Heb. vi, 19.



If and If.

IF all the pity and love untold
Could scatter abroad in coins of gold,

There would not be, on the whole round earth,
One hungry heart, nor one wretched hearth.

And, oh, if the kind words never said
Could bloom into flowers, and spread and shed

Their sweetness out on the common air,
The breath of heaven would be everywhere!

—MARY AINGE DE VERE.

"And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."—1 John iv, 21.



The Dying Girl and Flowers.

BEAR them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star;

"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."
—Psa. xix, 3.

And the bird, whose song is free
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh! too deep a love, and fain,
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the colored earth!

With the Violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the Lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves!

Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is her gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."
—Psa. iv, 8.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In their fragile mould she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought.

Therefore in the Lily's leaf
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the Woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the Violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain:
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart, who goes
Where no death can touch the Rose.



"I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."
—Psa. iii, 5.

My Prayer.

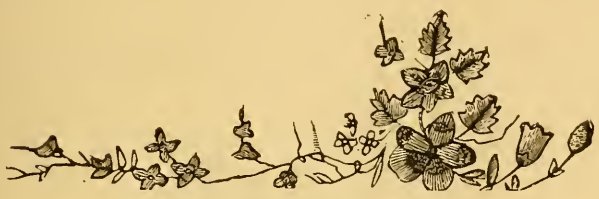
GIVE me a song, and I will sing it!
Give me an offering, I will bring it!
Give me Thyself, and I will take Thee!
Withdraw Thyself, and I forsake Thee!
My land lies fallow: Master, till me!
My heart lies empty: Master, fill me!
It plays the traitor: Master, win me!
It faints! it dies! Put new life in me!
It goes astray: good Shepherd, lead me!
It sighs for hunger: come and feed me!
It is so poor! Give riches to me!
It is corrupt: O Lord, renew me!
So ignorant! Oh! wilt Thou teach me?
Has wandered far! But Thou can'st reach me:
Is sore diseased: Physician, heal me!
Exposed to danger: oh, conceal me!
It trembles! In Thine arms, oh, fold me!
Begins to sink! O Saviour, hold me!

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John xv, 7.

Is sinking fast! Lord, look upon me!
So cold and dark! Oh, shine upon me!
A poor, lost sinner! Come and find me!
A rebel! May Thy love now bind me!
A prodigal! Wilt Thou receive me?
A beggar! Oh! wilt Thou relieve me?
A backslider! Wilt Thou restore me?
Unholy! May Thy presence awe me!
Unfit to die! O God, prepare me!
So weak! On eagles' wings, oh, bear me!
So comfortless! Lord Jesus, cheer me!
So lonely! God of love, draw near me!
By sin accused! Good Lord, acquit me!
Unfit for Heaven's pure service! Fit me!
Unfit for work on earth! But use me!
A suppliant! Do not Thou refuse me!
Oh! come and fill the hungry with good things,
For Thou hast all I need, Thou King of kings!

"He hath filled the hungry with good things."
—Luke i, 53.


O Lord, how
manifold are thy works!
in wisdom hast thou made
them all: the earth is full
of thy riches
PSAL. 104 24



The Buried Flower.

IN the silence of my chamber,
When the night is still and deep,
And the drowsy heave of ocean
Mutters in its charmed sleep,

Oft I hear the angel voices
That have thrilled me long ago,—
Voices of my lost companions,
Lying deep beneath the snow.

Where are now the flowers we tended?
Withered, broken, branch and stem;
Where are now the hopes we cherished?
Scattered to the winds with them.

"And, behold, angels came and ministered unto him."
—Matt. iv, 11.



"Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."—Matt. xv, 13.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones!
Nursed in hope and reared in love,
Looking fondly ever upward
To the clear blue heaven above;

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,
Rising lightly from the rain,
Never folding up your freshness
Save to give it forth again.

* * * * * * *

O, 't is sad to lie and reckon
All the days of faded youth,
All the vows that we believed in,
All the words we spoke in truth.

Severed,—were it severed only
By an idle thought of strife,
Such as time may knit together;
Not the broken chord of life!

* * * * * * *

O, I fling my spirit backward,
And I pass o'er years of pain;
All I loved is rising round me,
All the lost returns again.

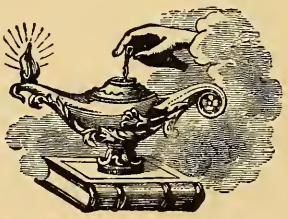
* * * * * * *

"The memory of the just is blessed."
—Prov. x, 7.

Brighter, fairer far than living,
With no trace of woe or pain,
Robed in everlasting beauty,
Shall I see thee once again,

By the light that never fadeth,
Underneath eternal skies,
When the dawn of resurrection
Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

—WILLIAM EDMONSTOWNE AYTOUNE.



"The hope of the righteous shall be gladness."
—Prov. x, 28.



Prayer.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer.

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave!

For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than moon's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

—CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

"I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv, 15.



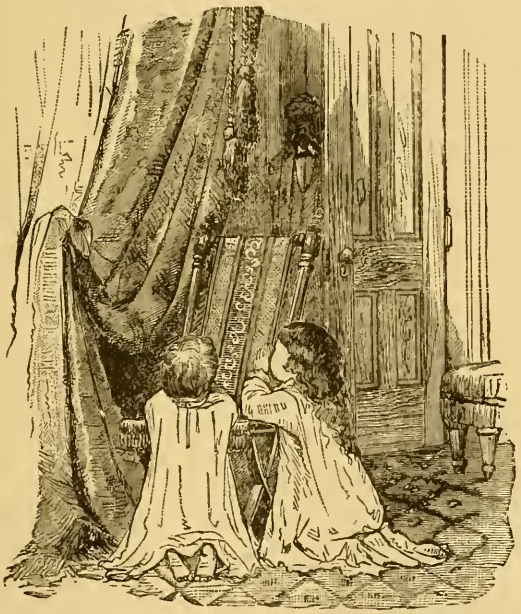
"Babes Always."

'TIS late—in my lone chamber,
Borne through the echoing hall,
I hear the wind's hoarse sobbing,
The rain-drops' plashing fall;
And the street-lamp, on the ceiling,
Throws many a weird-like form—
Tree-shadows, dancing wildly
To the music of the storm.

Called I my vigil lonely?
The door is still and fast:
O'er threshold and o'er carpet
No mortal foot has passed
No rustle of white raiment
Or warm breath stirs the air;
Yet I speak aloud my greeting—
"My darlings! are you there?"

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—Heb. xiii, 2.

Not the two who, by me kneeling,
Said, "Our Father," hours ago;



Whose cheeks now dent their pillows—
Live roses upon snow.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xviii, 3.

They dream not of the graveyard
And of the hillocks twain,
Snow-heaped to-night (Lord help me!)
And dripping with the rain!

Twelve years!—a manly stripling,
Our boy, by this had grown!
Is it four years, or twenty,
Since I kissed the eyelids down
Of her whose baby-sweetness
Was a later gift from God,
And straightened in the coffin
Wee feet that never trod?

These are not strangers' glances
That eagerly seek mine;
I know the loving straining
Of the arms that round me twine.
Thou hast kept them babes, O Father!
Who, not 'mid Heaven's bowers,
Learning the speech of angels,
Forget this home of ours;

Or her, who braved Death's anguish
To win them to her breast,
If they fled into the sunshine—
Free birds from narrow nest—

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."
—Matt. xviii, 10.



They come to me when longing
And pain are at their height,
To tell me of the safety,
The love and the delight



Of that eternal dwelling,
(With our name upon the door!)
The ring of baby-voices
Shall gladden evermore;

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke xviii, 16.

Till, 'neath their tender soothing,
I lift my heart and smile,
And gather faith and courage
To bide my "little while."



"Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels."
—Luke xx, 36.

Be Kind and Forgiving.

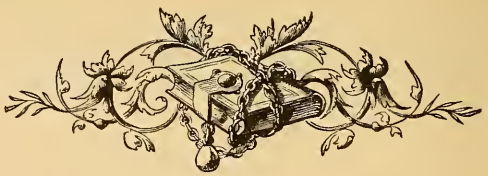
THANK God, that in life's little day,
Between our dawn and setting,
We have kind deeds to give away;
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
Forgiving and forgetting.

* * * * * * *

We are all travelers, who throng
A thorny road together;
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but foot-sore, does me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the road is long,
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day
Whose light shall find us dying,
To know that once we had our way,
Against a child of weaker clay,
And bought our triumph in the fray
With purchase of his sighing.

"Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."
—Luke vi, 37.



The Glorified.

WHERE are they, the saintly,
That oft with me have trod,
With each returning Sabbath,
The holy courts of God?
With whom I took sweet counsel,
When with one heart we came
To worship at his altars,
And speak the sacred name.

With these still, peaceful moments
Fond memories oft come back
Of faces that once gladdened
Life's all too shaded track;
Again I hear their voices;
Once more I catch their smile;
I greet them in the vision
And clasp them as erewhile!

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."—Heb. vi, 12.

Ah! they are with the blessed,
Earth's weary travails past;
And where they need no temple,
Exulting serve at last;
To do God's will they cease not,
Yet evermore they rest;
All tireless as the angels,
They evermore are blest.

Robed in its summer glories
This earth to-day is fair,
But one eternal beauty
Blooms ever faultless there;
Here mortal vigor faileth,
Is lost in quick decay;
There life's full fount o'erfloweth
And wasteth not away.

Oft, oft my spirit yearneth
To reach that goodly land;
To join the grand assembly,
God's own immortal band;
To see in clear, full vision,
Him whom I love unseen,
Yet must I wait; unparted
Hangs the dark veil between.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."
—Exod. xxxiii, 14.

O welcome the glad rising
Of that bright, blissful morn,
When, life's long toils all ended,
Its latest evening gone,
Thou, Lord, the veil dividing,
Shalt bid me come to thee;
And I, with all thy ransomed,
Shall serve eternally!

But till that summons cometh—
The years will not be long—
What ills soe'er befall me,
All patient, faithful, strong,
Let me in love still serving,
Without one lingering fear,
Tread on my way unshrinking,
Till thy kind voice I hear.

O blessed, blessed meeting,
With those who in thee died!
With faithful saints and martyrs
Who for thee death defied!
Methinks when their full chorus,
That mighty host shall raise,
Each farthest star shall echo,
The hymns of rapturous praise!

—RAY PALMER, D. D.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."
—1 Cor. xiii, 12.

Only.

ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

Only a page for the eye,
Only a word for the ear,
Only a smile, and by and by
Only a quiet tear.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use;
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied!

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself."
—Acts xx, 24.

All! for far more I owe
 Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so!
 All! for I love my King!

All! for it is His own,
 He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
 All! for I have no more.

All! for the last and least
 He stoopeth to uplift:
The altar of my great High Priest
 Shall sanctify my gift.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."
—Psa. xxxiv, 2.





The Shepherd's Voice.

THEY hear His voice!
It is their Shepherd's, and they know it well.
They follow Him,
Where'er He leads, Shepherd of Israel.

A stranger-voice
They know not, love not, follow not, but flee.
One voice alone
Attracts; 'tis His who said, "Come unto me."

He knows His sheep,
He counts them, and He calleth them by name,
He goes before;
They follow as He leads, through flood or flame.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."
—John x, 27.

He leads them out,
Into the pastures green, by waters still,
He leads them in;
And guards them safe within the fold from ill.

O wise and good,
O strong and loving One, mighty to save;
Thine own Thou wilt
Still keep and bring them up from the deep grave.

No want is theirs;
Thy fulness at their side doth ever stand;
No peril theirs,
For none can ever pluck them from Thy hand.

And when this day
Of storm and scattering is ended here,
Thou wilt bring them
To greener pastures and to streams more clear.

Amen, amen!
Good Shepherd, hasten Thou that glorious day,
When we shall all
In the one fold abide with Thee for aye.

"And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."—John x, 28.

Then in the midst
And we delivered from all fear and sin!
No hunger more,
No thirst, nor heat, upon these hills of green.

O Lamb of God,
True Shepherd and true Lamb, Thou both in one;
Us lead, us feed,
Till all our wandering's done, we reach the throne.

—H. BONAR, D. D.



"He saith unto him, Feed my lambs."
—John xxi, 15.



The Vaudois Missionary.

"LADY fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear.
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
As with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way:
Will my gentle lady buy?"

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."—Rev. iii, 18.

The lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view
His silk and glittering pearls:
She placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty brow of kings:
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks waved
Their clasping pearls between;
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveler gray and old,
Name but the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

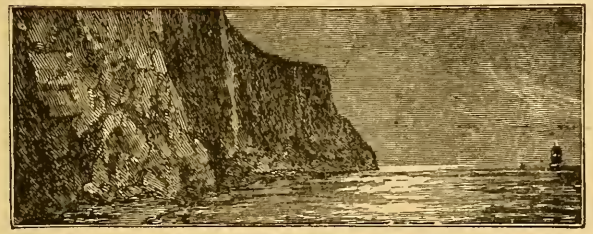
"Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—Matt. xiii, 46.

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the word of God is free."

The hoary traveler went his way,
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray walls
Where an evil faith hath power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God!

"Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."
—Isa. lv, 1.



Out of the Deeps.

BY the wild billows overwhelmed,
Tossed on the stormy wave,
Thou who dost know when sparrows fall,
Stretch forth thine arm to save.

Against my unprotected face
Is dashed the bitter spray;
The slender spar my hands had grasped,
The storm-tides wrench away.

Mine eyes across the watery waste
Have strained for sight of land;
But there is never shore nor sail,
Nor hope of helping hand.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"—Luke xii, 6.

Strange birds swoop 'neath the leaden sky,
And circle round my head,
Waiting impatiently till I
(Ah, ghastly thought!) am dead.

The cruel rocks rise just ahead—
My strength is nearly gone;
One of us, grim old Death, must lose
This fight before the dawn.

How dear hath grown this slighted life!
From gates of Paradise,
Already opening, to Earth,
I turn with yearning cries.

The terrors of the night approach:
Too weak to longer strive,
Again to Thee my prayers I breathe:
Sweet Saviour, let me live!

—LULU M. W.



"Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."
—Luke xii, 7.

Lead, Kindly Light.

LEAD kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough to me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have long since, and lost awhile.

—NEWMAN.

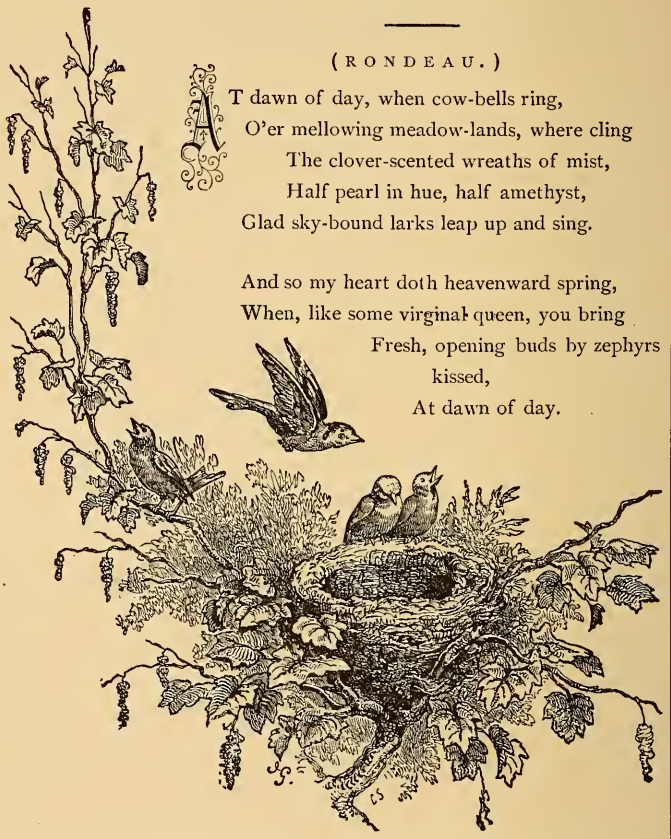
"That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John i, 9.

At Dawn.

(RONDEAU.)

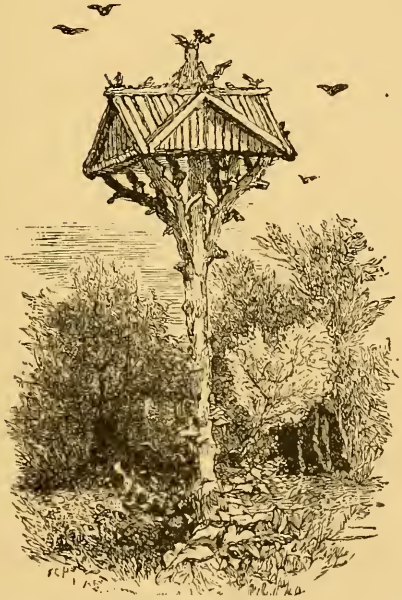
AT dawn of day, when cow-bells ring,
O'er mellowing meadow-lands, where cling
The clover-scented wreaths of mist,
Half pearl in hue, half amethyst,
Glad sky-bound larks leap up and sing.

And so my heart doth heavenward spring,
When, like some virginal queen, you bring
Fresh, opening buds by zephyrs kissed,
At dawn of day.



"And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird."
—Eccl. xii, 4.

The breath, the balm, the glow you fling,
Like dew-drops from some bright bird's wing,
Thrill all my being, as I list
To melodies which must desist
When night-fall hath discrowned me, king
At dawn of day. —JOHN MORGAN.



"But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him."—John xi, 10.



In the Fourth Watch of the Night.

LO, in the moonless night,
In the rough wind's despite,
They ply the oar.
Keen gusts smite in their teeth;
The hoarse winds chafe beneath
With muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,
Scarce serve to hold the course
Hard-won half-way,
When o'er the tossing tide,
Pallid and heavy-eyed,
Scowls the dim day.

"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."—Matt. xiv, 25.

And now in the wan light,
Walking the waters white,
A shape draws near.
Each soul, in troubled wise,
Staring with starting eyes,
Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbor tight,
In helpless huddled fright
Shaken and swayed.
And lo! the Master nigh
Speaks softly, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us, that strain
Over life's moaning main,
Thou drawest near,
And, knowing not thy guise,
We gaze with troubled eyes,
And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low,
"This joy must thou forego,
Thy first and best."

"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."
—Matt. xiv, 27.

A shrouded phantom stands
Crossing the best-loved hands,
For church-yard rest.

Then, soft as is the fall
Of that white gleaming pall
By snowflakes made,
Stilling each startled cry,
Thou speakest, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

—"GOOD WORDS."



"Be not afraid, only believe."
—Mark v, 36.



The Sunlight.

IT gently brought to a darkened world
The tidings of coming day,
And awakened earth with a loving call
To straightway arise and pray.

It tenderly entered where death had been,
And shone on the marble brow,
Softly reminding each mourners heart
Of "the crown of glory now."

It paused awhile in the forest glade,
To strengthen a lowly flower,
And bid it show in its own sweet way,
God's care through its little hour.

And thence it passed to a widow's home,
To illumine with gleams of gold
The sacred words of a promised "rest,"
It found in her Bible old.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—Isa. lx, 1.

It lingered long by a dying babe,
Who smiled at its golden ray,
And the mother gave with a lighter heart
Her child to the Lord that day.

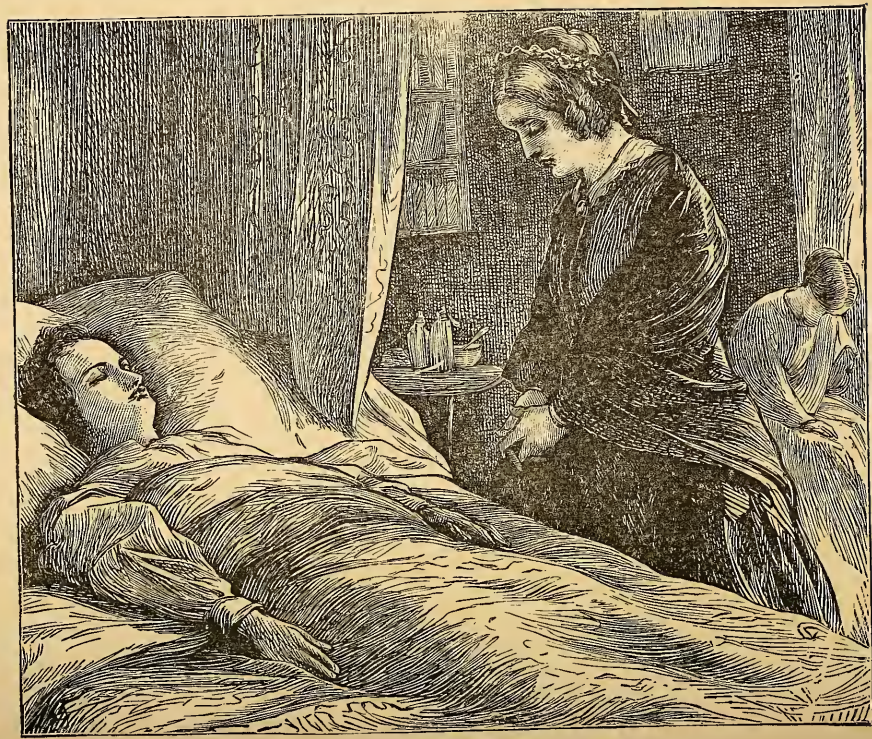
It made its way to a gloomy cell,
Right on to the prison floor,
And sang of life in a brighter world,
Where fetters shall be no more.

Ah! who can tell all the sunlight did,
Through that glorious summer day,
Or how the earth became cold and dark
When the last streak died away?

But let us ask, Do we also shine
With glory from Christ our Sun?
Will aught we do in the world for him
Be missed when life is done?



"But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."—Isa. lx, 19.





The Death of the Righteous.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be

How beautiful in all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

"They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—Isa. ix, 2.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

—PEABODY.



"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning."
—Isa. lviii, 8.

Rest.

THOU for Thyself hast made us,
O holy Lord!
And by Thy grace hast stayed us
Upon Thy Word.

Body, and soul, and spirit—all these are only Thine:
All bear alike the impress of ownership divine;
And though the coin shows dimly—
Because of rust—
It bears Thy superscription,
And ever must.

Our hearts can know no resting,
Except in Thee;
Our barks the waves are breasting
On life's rough sea;

Body, and soul, and spirit, are daily worn with care,
The "covert of Thy wing" is sought—the needed rest is there;
And though the toil cease only
When Life is won;
In Thee our rest remaineth,
O Christ, the Son.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."
—Rev. xiv, 13.

Passing.

WHAT ship is this comes sailing
Across the harbor bar,
So strange, yet half familiar
With treasure from afar?
O comrades, shout; good bells, ring out;
Peal loud your merry din!
O, joy! At last across the bay
My ship comes sailing in!"
Men said in low whispers,
"It is the passing bell;
At last his toil is ended."
They prayed, "God rest him well!"

"Ho, captain, my captain!
What store have you on board?"
"A treasure far richer
Than gems or golden hoard;

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."
—Matt. vi, 20.

The broken promise welded firm,
The long-forgotten kiss;
The love more worth than all on earth,
All joys life seemed to miss."
The watchers sighed softly,
"It is the death change,
What vision blest has given
That rapture deep and strange?"

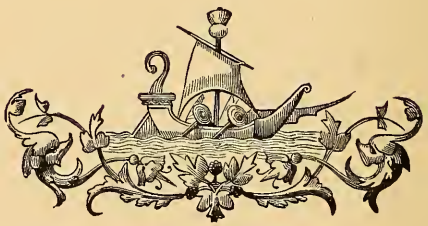
"O captain, dear captain,
What forms are those I see
On deck there beside you?
They smile and beckon me,
And soft voices call me—
Those voices sure I know!"
"All friends are here that you held dear
In the sweet long ago."
"The death smile," they murmured;
"It is so passing sweet,
We scarce have heart to hide it
Beneath the winding-sheet."

"O captain, I know you!
Are you not Christ the Lord?
With light heart, and joyous,
I hasten now on board.

"And, behold, God himself is with us for our captain."
—2 Chron. xiii, 12.

Set sail, set sail before the gale,
Our trip will soon be o'er:
To-night we'll cast our anchor fast
Beside the heavenly shore."
Men sighed, "Lay him gently
Beneath the heavy sod."
The soul afar beyond the bar
Went sailing on to God.

—ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.



"But is passed from death unto life."
—John v, 24.



New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

"A man can receibe nothing, except it be giben him from heaben."
—John iii, 27.

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in His presence!
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A Happy New Year!

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—Eph. iii, 19.



Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

GOLDEN head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

"Now I lay,"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er the folded finger tips.

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."
—Eph. v, 1.

"Down to sleep,"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord,"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired heart fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to Heaven, record it there.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."—Psa. viii, 2.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.



"Trust in the Lord, and do good."
—Psa. xxxvii, 3.



I Go to Life.

I GO to life and not to death;
From darkness to life's native sky.
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel-fair,
From the pale leanness of this flesh
To beauty such as saints shall wear.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

"I am come that they might have life."
—John x, 10.

I go from chains to liberty,
These fetters will be broken soon;
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
I walk beneath a glorious noon
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

For toil there comes the crowned rest;
Instead of burdens, eagle's wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
Shall quench at everlasting springs.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

God lives! Who says that I must die?
I cannot, while Jehovah liveth!
Christ lives! I cannot die, but live;
He life to me for ever giveth.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years. —H. BONAR, D. D.

"But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."
—Rom. vi, 23.

Old Age.

FLING down the faded blossoms of the spring,
Nor clasp the roses with regretful hand;
The joy of summer is a vanished thing;
Let it depart, and learn to understand
The gladness of great calm—the autumn rest,
The Peace—of human joys the latest and the best.

Ah! I remember how in early days
The primrose and the wild-flower grew beside
My tangled forest paths, whose devious ways
Filled me with joys of mysteries untried,
And terror that was more than half delight,
And sense of budding life, and longings infinite.

And I remember how, in Life's hot noon,
Around my path the lavish roses shed

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—Psa. xxxvii, 37.

Color and fragrance, and the air of June
Breathed rapture—now those summer days are fled;
Days of sweet peril, when the serpent lay
Lurking at every turn of life's enchanted way.

The light of spring, the summer's glow are o'er,
And I rejoice in knowing that for me
The woodbine and the roses bloom no more,
The tender green is gone from field and tree;
Brown barren sprays stand clear against the blue,
And leaves fall fast, and let the truthful sunlight through.

For me the hooded herbs of autumn grow,
Square-stemmed and sober; mint and sage,
Horehound and balm—such plants as healers know;
And the decline of life's long pilgrimage
Is soft and sweet with marjoram and thyme,
Bright with pure evening dew, not serpents' glittering slime.

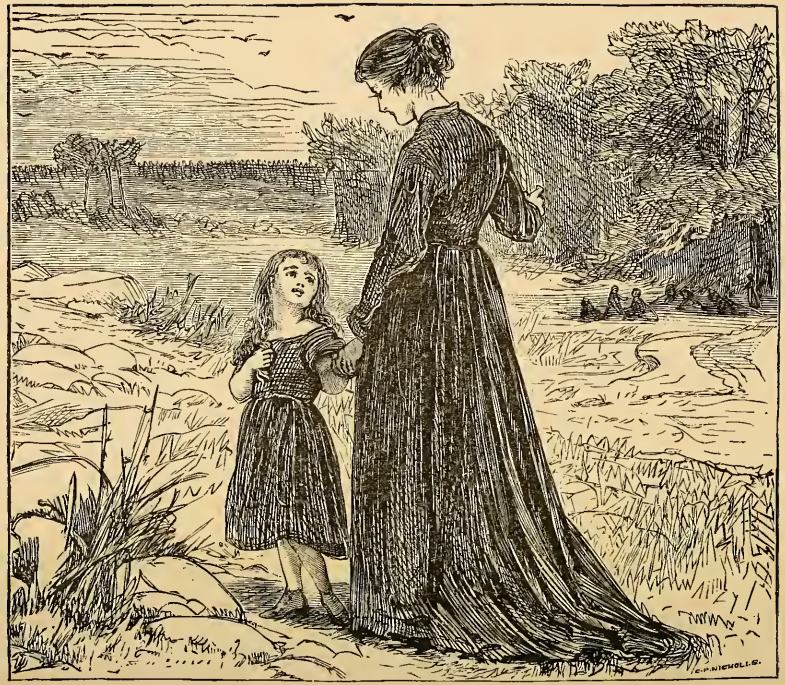
And around my path the aromatic air
Breathes health and perfume, and the turfy ground
Is soft for weary feet, and smooth and fair
With little thornless blossoms that abound
In safe dry places, where the mountain side
Lies to the setting sun, and no ill beast can hide.

"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."—Psa. xcii, 14.

What is there to regret? Why should I mourn
To leave the forest and the marsh behind,
Or towards the rank, low meadows sadly turn?
Since here another loveliness I find,
Safer and not less beautiful—and blest
With glimpses, faint and far, of the long-wished-for Rest.

And so I drop the roses from my hand,
And let the thorn-pricks heal, and take my way
Down hill, across a fair and peaceful land
Lapt in the golden calm of dying day—
Glad that the night is near, and glad to know
That, rough or smooth the way, I have not far to go.

"A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth."—Eccl. vii, 1.


C.P. NICHOLLS.



The Guardian Angel.

I WANDERED through a forest lone,
I met a fair young child,
"My little one, art not afraid,
The wood is drear and wild?"
She shook her sunny waving curls,
And looked at me and smiled.

"Nay, but I am not all alone,"
Still reverent answered she,
"An angel walketh by my side,
Though him I can not see;
And he would tell of it in heaven,
If ought should injure me.

"He's ever near, and tenderly
A loving watch doth keep;

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii, 10.

And with his great white downy wings
He fanneth me to sleep."
"Nay, child, 'tis but the summer wind
That through the trees doth creep."

"When I am wearied out with play,
And sit me down to rest,
My guardian angel lets me lie
So gently on his breast."
"Nay, child, 'tis but the velvet moss
Thy little form hath pressed."

"And when the sunlight quivers fair
Upon each leafy spray,
My angel on his golden harp
Sweet tunes for me doth play."
"Nay, through the woods in summer time,
The wild bees hum all day."

"Or often as I sit and watch
The wild dove on the wing,
I hear my angel's silver voice
A solemn anthem sing."
"Nay, child, 'tis ocean's distant roar,
Through the forest murmuring."

"Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way."
—Exod. xxiii, 20.

"Nay, nay, through life my mother says
He will be ever nigh,
But I shall never see his face
Until I come to die,
And then he'll bear me in his arms
Unto our God on high."

I turned me from that trusting child,
Who put my faith to shame,
And to my heart these ancient words
Of holy Scripture came:
"The angel of the Lord encamps
Round those that fear his name."



"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."
—Psa. xxxiv, 7.

For Good or Ill?

ONLY a word!
Yet it bore on its holy breath
A message that God had given
To kindly warn from the ways of Death—
And a soul was led to Heaven.

Only a word!
Spoken in scorn by lips that smiled,
But a haunting doubt's black shade
Was cast in the trusting heart of a child,
And a life-long darkness made.

Only a word!
Yet there lay in its heart, enshrined
Like the germ of a tiny seed,
A thought that fell in an earnest mind,
And grew to a noble deed.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."
—Prov. xxv, 11.

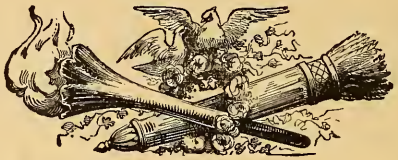
Only a word!
No more widely the ocean parts
Land from land with its ebb and flow,
Than one false word severed kindly hearts
That loved, in the long ago.

Only a word!
The whispered "Amen" of a prayer,
But it flew, like a swift-winged dove,
From the stormy depths of a soul's despair,
To the Father's heart of love.

Only a word!
Oh, choose it wisely, weigh it well;
Send it forth with love and faith;
It may be, the message one word can tell,
Will rescue a soul from death.



"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"
—Prov. xv, 23.



Thy Will.

FATHER, where'er my feet may stray,
Or whether in the cloud or sun,
Still teach me trustingly to pray
"Thy will be done."

And if the darkness fill the night,
Whenever day its course has run;
Or whether gloom be mine, or light,
"Thy will be done."

I fain would by thy hand be led,
Till at the last, life's conflict won,
My trembling lips have dying said,
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."
—Matt. vi, 10.

And guided to the unseen land,
When earth is past, and heaven begun,
In thine I fain would lay my hand;
"Thy will be done."

Father, I know that in thy care
Are all my ways Till sets life's sun,
O teach me patiently to bear!
"Thy will be done."

—E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"Not as I will, but as thou wilt."
—Matt. xxvi, 39.



Good-Night Wishes.

A BLESSING on my babes to-night;
A blessing on their mother;
A blessing on my kinsmen light,
Each loving friend and brother.

A blessing on the toiler's rest;
The over-worn and weary;
The desolate and comfortless,
To whom the earth is dreary.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."
—Psa. cxxix, 8.

A blessing on the glad to-night;
A blessing on the hoary;
The maiden clad in beauty bright,
The young man in his glory.

A blessing on my fellow-race,
Of every clime and nation;
May they partake His saving grace
Who died for our salvation.

If any man have wrought me wrong,
Still blessing be upon him;
May I in love to him be strong,
Till charity has won him.

Thy blessings on me, from of old,
My God, I cannot number;
I wrap me in their ample fold,
And sink in trustful slumber.

—THOMAS MACKELLAR.



"Blessed is he that blesseth thee."
—Num. xxiv, 9.



Beyond.

BEYOND life's toils and cares,
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,
Will be a long sweet life, unmarked by years,
One bright, unending morrow!

Beyond Time's troubled stream,
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark river,
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,
Its dark realities and brighter dreams—
A beautiful forever.

No aching hearts are there,
No tear-dimmed eye, no form by sickness wasted,
No cheek grown pale through penury or care,
No spirits crushed beneath the woes they bear,
No sighs for bliss untasted.

"Hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus."
—1 Peter v, 10.

No sad farewell is heard,
No lonely wail for loving ones departed,
No dark remorse is there o'er memories stirred,
No smile of scorn, no harsh or cruel word
To grieve the broken-hearted.

No long dark night is there,
No light from sun or silvery moon is given;
But Christ, the Lamb of God, all bright and fair,
Illumes the city with effulgence rare,
The glorious light of heaven!

No mortal eye hath seen
The glories of that land beyond that river,
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,
Its fadeless flowers, and the unchanging sheen
Around the throne forever.

Ear hath not heard the song
Of rapturous praise within that shining portal;
No heart of man hath dreamed what joys belong
To that redeemed and happy blood-washed throng,
All glorious and immortal.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."
—1 Thes. iv, 17.



The Time for Prayer.

WHEN is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care;
Morn is the time for prayer.

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And He will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air;
Noon is the time for prayer.

When the bright sun hath set,
While eve's bright colors deck the skies;

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."
—Psa. lv, 17.

When with the loved at home again thou'st met,
 Then let thy prayers arise;
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share,
 Eve is the time for prayer.

And when the stars come forth—
 When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
 To pure bright dreams of heaven;
Kneel to thy God—ask strength, life's ills to bear;
 Night is the time for prayer.

When is the time for prayer?
 In every hour, while life is spared to thee;
In crowds or solitude, in joy or care,
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home, at morn and eve, with loved ones there,
 Bend thou the knee in prayer!

"Pray without ceasing."
—1 Thes. v, 17.



Rock of Ages.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me"—
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide:
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."
—Psa. xviii, 2.

All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee"—
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.

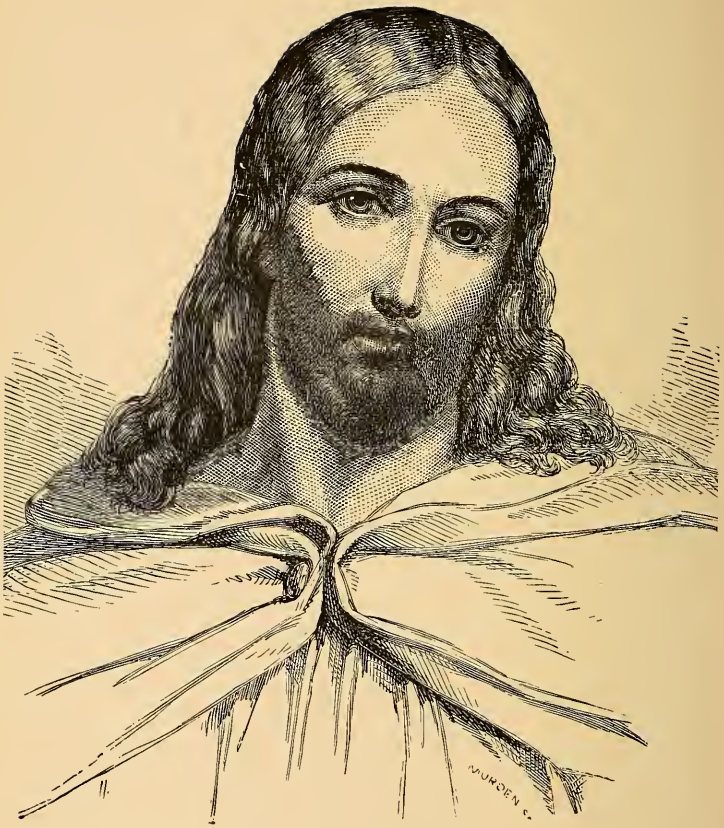
"My God is the rock of my refuge."
—Psa. xciv, 22.

Sung as only they can sing,
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."



"He only is my rock and my salvation."
—Psa. lxii, 2.



To The Comforter.

MIGHTY Comforter, to thee
In our feebleness we flee;
Oh, unveil thy gracious face,
Spread out all thy wondrous grace.

Strengthener of the poor and weak,
To thy power for strength we seek;
Heavenly fulness from above,
O descend in blessed love.

Patient Teacher of the blind,
Opener of the sin-seal'd mind,
Fix in us thy sure abode,
And reveal the Christ of God.

Guider of the erring feet
In the waste or busy street,
Lead us thro' life's Babel-crowds,
Through its pathless solitudes.

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."
—John xiv, 18.

True Enricher of the poor,
Enter thou our lowly door;
Let thy liberal hand impart
Heavenly riches to our heart.

Looser of the bonds of sin,
Oh make haste and enter in;
Break each link, till there remains
Not one fragment of our chains.

Loving Spirit, come, oh come!
Find in us thy endless home;
Find in this our world below
A dwelling for thy glory now.

Holy Light, upon us shine
With thy energy divine;
Heavenly Brightness, break thou forth
Over this benighted earth.

With the eternal Father one,
One with the eternal Son;
Eternal Spirit, thee we praise,
Now and through eternal days.

—HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—John xvi, 13.



The E'en Brings a' Hame.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord! have wander'd from Thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming—when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

"All we like sheep have gone astray."
—Isa. liii, 6.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wander'd far—
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken:
O Thou, dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken,
At evening bring us home.



"Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out."
—Ezek. xxxiv, 11.



The Bird Let Loose.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

—THOMAS MOORE.

"Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved."
—Prov. xxviii, 18.



Heaven at Last.

ANGEL-VOICES sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Heaven at Last.

WHAT a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, silver-pealing.
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Gone the vanity and folly,
Gone the dark and melancholy,
Come the joyous and the holy;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder,
Stay'd the tempest, sheathed the thunder;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!



Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth,
Song to song for ever calleth;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ himself the living splendor,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, himself hath crown'd us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

—HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.



"But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem."—Heb. xii, 22.





Jesu, Still the Storm.

JESU, still the storm!
Only thou hast power,
In this troubled hour,
To bid our tremblings cease,
And give our spirits peace.
Jesu, still the storm!

Speak the potent word,
"Peace, be still!" and then
Calm returns again;
Each billow hides its crest,
And lays itself to rest.
Speak the potent word!

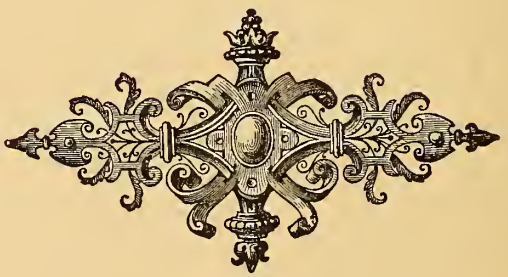
Jesu, love us still!
Oh, love on, love on,
As thou hast ever done;

"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."—Mark iv, 39.

Oh love us to the end,
Our one unchanging friend.
Jesu, love us still!

Jesu, bless us still!
Bless us on and on,
Till our heaven be won;
Oh bless us evermore,
On thine own blessed shore.
Jesu, bless us still!

—HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.



"If God be for us, who can be against us?"
—Rom. viii, 31.

The Grave.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—O my Mother Earth.
Take home thy Child!

"O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave."
—Job xiv, 13.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave;
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
—"I am the Grave!

"The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!" "I will speak no more:—
Be silent, Pride!"

"Art thou a Wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

* * * * * * *

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."
—Heb. xii, 6.

* * * * * * *

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.



"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."—Matt. x, 28.

The Tide.

THE tide is out!
Low lie the dank sea-weeds. The life is gone
That gave them strength to rise; and now forlorn,
Low from the rocks they lie,
Waiting in patience for the morrow morn,
When strong with life, and high,
The tide will then come in.

The tide is out!
Far out at sea I watch the dancing waves
Rising to meet the sea-gull, as she laves
In them her weary breast.
Fearless of all, the elements she braves,
Seeking like me for rest,—
Her tide is never in.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."—Prov. xvi, 7.

The tide is out!
Low, lifeless like the sea-weed, now I lie,
Wishing that, like the gull, I swift could fly
From 'neath the burning sun
And scorching sands, that make me long to die,
Fearing that I am one
Whose tide will ne'er come in.

The tide is out!
Sinking upon the sand, with bended knee;
The cruel sand that soon will bury me,
Unless the tide will soon come in;
With humble heart, Father, I pray to Thee,
Cleanse me from grief and sin,
And make my tide come in.

The tide is in!
Swift surging o'er the sand. And now no more
Beside the barren, desolate sea-shore
I watch the sun-dried rocks,
And think my life like theirs is thirsting, sore,
While cooling waters mock—
For now the tide is in.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."—Prov. xviii, 10.

The tide is in!
My happy life seems to me in its prime,
Full of sweet hope, whose fruit will come in time,
Bringing glad rest and peace.
But it was not always so; there was a time
When sorrows would not cease,
But now—the tide is in.

The tide is in!
With grateful heart I lift mine eyes above
To Him who sent the tide, whose name is Love;
Who saw me tired lie
In a strange land, like Noah's weary dove,
Not knowing He was nigh
Who makes the tide come in.

The tide is in!
And lifting my drooped head, I now in haste
Go forth to meet my work, across the waste;
Eager to live my life
As Thou hast made it, who gave me a taste
Of weary care and strife,
Before my tide came in.

"The righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God."—Eccl. ix, 1.

The tide is in!
But, ah! the time will come, I know full well,
That it will leave me; when, I can not tell;
But when that time shall come,
I pray that Thou my strong thoughts will quell,
And take me to that home
Where tides are always in.

—MARY W. McLAIN.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment."
—Eccl. xii, 14.



Trust in the Lord.

AH, heard ye the bird-song this morning,
So joyous, so fresh, and so bright?
It ripples as drops from a fountain,
And sparkles like stars in the night.

Notes soft and low, sweetly blending
With warblings ecstatic, are heard;
Oh, who did imagine such rapture
Could dwell in the breast of a bird!

Was ever a measure so joyous,
So filled with impassioned delight?
How happy if we could but catch it,
And stay the sweet melody's flight.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Psa. xxxvii, 3.

Again and again 'tis repeated,
From morn to the close of the day,
Though the wind is yet cold and chilling,
And of sunshine there scarce is a ray.

Have birds more blessings than mortals,
That they should be happier than we?
Our mercies are numbered by thousands—
They have but a nest and a tree.

Have birds more wisdom than mortals,
More trust in the sweet promise given?
Is this tender love but for sparrows?
Have we no kind Father in heaven?

We strive to attain what we cannot,
Of to-morrow the burden we bear;
They, caroling sweetly, despair not,
And pick up the crumbs with care.

This the lesson of life. If we learn it,
Glad songs of devotion will rise,
As we gather the sweet crumbs of comfort
And trust to the God of the skies.

—MRS. M. M. LYLE.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."
—Prov. iii, 5.



Death Anticipated.

"MY GOD! I know that I must die,"
My mortal life is passing hence;
On earth I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence.
Then teach me by thy heavenly grace
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God! I know not when I'll die,
What is the moment or the hour,
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower;
Then may thy child prepared be
Through time to meet eternity.

My God! I know not how I die,
For death has many ways to come—

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"—Num. xxiii, 10.

In dark, mysterious agony,
Or gentle as a sleep to some,
Just as thou wilt, if but it be
Forever, blessed Lord, with thee.

My God! I know not where I'll die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand;
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by thy hand.
Content I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is thine.

My gracious God: when I must die,
Oh, bear my happy soul above
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share thy glory and thy love!
Then comes it right and well to me
When, where and how my death shall be.



"But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."
—Matt. xxiv, 13.

To-Morrow.

TO-MORROW—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein,
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

"We should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead."—2 Cor. i, 9.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb, and fruit, and bird, and beast:
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow! mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

—WM. KNOX.



"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."
—Heb. iv, 7.



The Time is Short.

SOMETIMES feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.
The time,
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night-winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.
The time,
The time is short.

Up, up my soul! the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming.
The time,
The time is short.

"But this I say, brethren, the time is short."
—1 Cor. vii, 29.

Think of the good thou might'st have done when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought ;
Hours lost to God in pleasures passing lightly.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the drooping eyes thou might'st have lifted
To see the good that Heaven to thee hath taught ;
The unhelped wrecks that past life's bark have drifted.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the feet that fall by misdirection,
Of noblest souls to loss and ruin brought,
Because their lives are barren of affection.
The time,
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught ;
Soon thou may'st need the sympathy of others.
The time,
The time is short.

"He that loveth his brother abideth in the light."
—1 John ii, 10.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,
The time,
The time is short.

Each thought resentful from thy mind be driven,
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness brought;
Thou soon wilt need the pitying love of Heaven.
The time,
The time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma-laden, hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought;
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover.
The time,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul! ere yet the shadow falleth;
Some good return in later seasons wrought,
Forget thyself when duty's angel calleth.
The time,
The time is short.

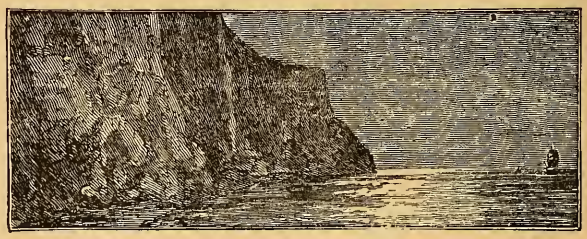
"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."
—Rom. xii, 21.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of heaven.
The time,
The time is short.

To others teach the overcoming power
That thee at last to God's sweet peace hath brought;
Glad memories make to bless life's final hour.
The time,
The time is short.

—HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."
—Rom. xiv, 7.



Homeward.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky:
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to the fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes her flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softer on the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night,
The shadows deepen over sea and land.
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home!

—H. M.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."
-Heb. iv, 9.



Index to First Lines.

PAGE.

A blessing on my babes to-night, - - - - 216
A picture memory brings to me, - - - 92
After the burden and heat of the day, - - - 50
All day the birds are singing, as they flit from grove and tree, 83
Angel voices sweetly singing, - - - - 230
At dawn of day when cow-bells ring, - - - 186

Bear them not from grassy dells, - - - - 156
Behold the western evening light, - - - 193
Beyond life's toils and cares, - - - - 218
By the wild billows overwhelmed, - - - 183

Childhood's dreams, those beautiful dreams, - - 140
Cover them over with beautiful flowers, - - 129

Earthly things, - - - - - - 77

Fair flower, that lapt in lowly glade, - - - 120
Father, where'er my feet may stray, - - - 214
First Father of the holy seed, - - - - 114
Fling down the faded blossoms of the spring, - - 206
For the wealth of pathless forests, - - - 25

PAGE.

Gently the dew falls on the grass, - - - - 88
Give me a song and I will sing it, - - - 159
Golden head so lowly bending, - - - - 201

Heaven is not reached by a single bound, - - 67
How many of us have ships at sea? - - - 64

I go to life and not to death, - - - - 204
I have a bridge within my heart, - - - - 21
I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender, - - 248
I wandered through a forest lone, - - - - 209
I would have gone, God bade me stay, - - - 151
If all the pity and love untold, - - - - 155
In some wild eastern legend, the story has been told, - 59
In thy closet daily hiding, - - - - - 43
In the silence of my chamber, - - - - 161
In the mild silence of the voiceless night, - - - 135
It gently brought to a darkened world, - - 191
It may be in the evening, - - - - - 68

Jesu, still the storm, - - - - - 233
Just to let thy Father do, - - - - - 131

Lead, kindly light, - - - - - 185
Leaves have their time to fall, - - - - 110
Lessons sweet of spring returning, - - - 105
Lo, in the moonless night, - - - - - 188

Methinks it is good to be here, - - - - 40

PAGE.

'Mid the losses and the gains, - - - - 19
Mighty Comforter to thee, - - - - 225
My God! I know that I must die, - - - - 244
My God! is any hour so sweet, - - - - 165

No bird-song floated down the hill, - - - - 145
Nobody knows but Jesus, - - - - 126
Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters, - 44
Not only once he comes, - - - - 30

O, heard ye the bird-song this morning, - - - 242
Oh, I could go through all life's troubles singing, - 37
Oh! to be in Jesus's bosom, - - - - 86
Oh, Jesus! on the mountain, - - - - 39
Oh! where are they the saintly, - - - - 172
Only a baby with winsome face, - - - 137
Only a mortal's powers, - - - - - 175
Only a word, - - - - - - 212

Rock of ages, cleft for me, - - - - - 222

Soft falls through the gathering twilight, - - 13
Softly comes the sunset hour, - - - - 113
Still onward through this land of foes, - - - 61

Tell me ye winged winds, - - - - - 143
Tell the fainting soul in the weary form, - - 118
Thank God that in life's little day, - - - - 171
The bell tolls one, - - - - - 94

PAGE.

The bird let loose in eastern skies, - - - - 229
The blessings which the poor and weak can scatter, - 49
The day dies slowly in the western sky, - - - 252
The fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain, - 102
The fool hath said "There is no God," - - - 28
The night is dark, but God, my God, - - - 124
The tide is out, - - - - - - 238
The tomb is empty, would'st thou have it full, - - 81
The way is hot, the way is long, - - - - 35
There is a calm for those who weep, - - - 235
There is no death! the stars go down, - - - 46
This is the room where she slept, - - - 152
Thou for Thyself hast made us, - - - - 195
'Tis late in my lone chamber, - - - - 166
To-morrow—mortal boast not thou, - - - 246
Too tired—too worn to pray, - - - - 149

Under the shadow of His wings, - - - - 75
Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold, - - 227

What shall I wish thee? - - - - - 199
What ship is this comes sailing, - - - - 196
What though we suffer while we stay, - - - 139
When fall the evening shadows, long and deep, across the hill, 16
When is the time for prayer, - - - - 220
When light the purple crocus springs, - - - 32
When nature tries her finest touch, - - - - 97

Yes! faith is a goodly anchor, - - - - 55

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 997 534 0